

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1856.

STUDIES OF FOREIGN LITERATURE, ANCIENT & MODERN.—No. III.

- ART. I.—*Baldessare Castiglione. Il Libro del Corteggiano.* Venezia : 1552.
2. *Giovanni della Casa. Galateo, ovvero de' Costumi*, in the edition printed at Milan. 4 vols. 8vo : 1806.
3. *Faret. L'Honeste Homme ; ou, l'Art de Plaire à la Cour.* Traduit en Espagnol par Dom Ambrosio de Salazar. 12mo. Paris : 1660.
4. *Lucas Gracian Dantisco. Galateo Español.* 12mo. Madrid : 1722.

IN the remarkably well-written "Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino," published by Mr. J. Dennistoun—a work by the way which would have secured its author more fame, and would have done more service to society, if it had been published at a reasonable price—that very refined and elegant observer dwells upon the partiality with which general readers receive descriptions of the manners and customs of the higher classes of society ; and he attributes to the sentiment of curiosity which inspires this partiality, much of the interest attached to Castiglione's work, above-named, in particular. There can be no doubt but that the propensity to study and to imitate the conduct of those who fill the most conspicuous and the most coveted positions in the world—the inherent "flunkeyism" of our race, if we may borrow a terse word from the fashionable neologists of the day—has induced many to read the descriptions of court life so charmingly given in the old Italian's pages. But the permanent favour with which the "Corteggiano" is regarded, and the number and infinite variety of the treatises upon

manners, or upon the behaviour which it is the most desirable to adopt in every sphere of life, must, we think, be accounted for by causes more profound, and be inspired by feelings of deeper import, than mere curiosity, or any modification of the tendency towards a servile imitation of those in power. Man is essentially social; everything, therefore, which adds to the comfort or to the pleasure of society, must concern him in the most personal and intimate manner; nor would it be possible to suggest investigations of more direct interest than those which should have for their result the establishment of some universally received rules for the conduct of men in mixed company. Then again, worldly success is so much affected by the impressions men's manners produce upon comparative strangers, that the most powerful considerations of interest urge us to study how best those manners may be made to contribute to our advancement. Probably these motives for the eager reception of books such as we are about to examine, may all be considered equally contemptible, and of the two distinct classes, selfishness may be more reprehensible than flunkeyism; but we think in all things "nobly of the soul, and no way approve the opinion" of those who reduce human motives of action to the lowest and most despicable kind; and, therefore, believe that most of the readers of books upon manners, turn to them for the sake of the lessons they convey of kindness and consideration for others, and in order to learn how to behave so as not to offend the tastes, opinions, or even the prejudices, of those with whom they are likely to come into actual contact. It is with such principles that codes of social behaviour should be written; and their authors should aim at making men kinder and better, rather than more polished or more genteel, as those words are usually understood. Precisely in proportion to the observance of these moral principles, too, do we find that books upon manners, or those containing descriptions of society, survive the period of their production; their only claim to immortality in fact depends upon the appeal they make to humanity in general; they are soon forgotten if their authors should have been inspired by other feelings than those so truly expressed by the old Carthaginian: "*Homo sum; humani nihil à me alienum puto.*" Lord Chesterfield's "*Letters to his Son,*" for instance, are now very rarely read; and people generally content themselves with applying to them Dr. Johnson's bitter criticism. From time to time, however, "*Il Corteggiano*" is brought again before the attention of the reading public, and the "*Galateo*" reappears in new editions, translations, or imitations. There must be some reason for these different appreciations of works so nearly analogous in character. To our mind the explanation

consists in this, that the English author wrote entirely from the head, whilst the Italian authors were to a much greater extent inspired by the heart; and, moreover, as the rules they endeavoured to establish were founded upon the study of man's nature, such as it appears at all times, and in all countries, the charm of their writings still survives; whilst Chesterfield, who only wrote with a view to one class of society in a particular age, has passed away with the age itself. After all, good manners proceed from a good heart; and he only is uniformly polite, who is, from habit and principle, kind and considerate. Chesterfield had not even an indistinct perception of this truth: we think that it may be traced—dimly, and perhaps unconsciously on their own parts—in the writings of some of the authors we propose to consider, and we are anxious to call attention to this peculiarity.

We could not avoid recalling the word of the wise man, before entering upon our immediate subject, that "the thing which hath been is that which shall be; and that there is nothing new under the sun," when we met in these early writers, not only passages extracted from their predecessors, but also many tales and sayings, as well as many of the witty things which have been unblushingly appropriated by their successors. A very good essay might be written upon "Plagiarisms, voluntary or involuntary;" and to cite a present instance, passages in Castiglione's or in Della Casa's works might be traced to Theophrastus, Aristotle, Cicero, or Seneca, or even to the Book of Proverbs; just as modern authors have borrowed from them. Molière defended himself from an accusation of this kind of plagiarism, by declaring that "he took his own goods wherever he found them;" but although his genius did transmute the dross of others, as a rule we do not admit that Puff's reasoning, with respect to such borrowings, is quite satisfactory. "That's of no consequence," says the author in Sheridan's "Critic," when accused of copying a line from Othello, "all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit upon the same thought, and Shakspeare made use of it first, that's all." A comfortable doctrine, truly! and one which would require to be extended, we find from the perusal of Castiglione's book in particular, to two authors whom we should never have suspected of borrowing from such a source, namely, the authors of "Baron Munchausen," and of "Sam Slick;" the former of whom has copied the tale of the tunes being frozen in the horn, from an anecdote of the "Corteggiano;" and the latter of whom has appropriated, from the same author, the doctrine of the "voluntary" minister, that all the virtues are feminine. At some future period we will return to this curious investi-

gation of the successive adaptations of ideas; for the present observing that the fashionable authors of our own day are particularly liable to accusation on the score of such unacknowledged plagiarisms: but even the best and greatest authors have exposed themselves to the same criticism, and some names would be brought to the bar of public opinion, with respect to which little suspicion is generally entertained. Ovid in his day complained that the ancients had stolen all our good things; alas! they have been very busy of late years, we fear. To revert to our subject, however.

Castiglione and Della Casa were nearly contemporaries, and they flourished at the period when Italy still retained a portion of the independence and of the glory which it had enjoyed during the Middle Ages, and when the surpassing eminence attained by the living painters and sculptors, the poets and historians, the grammarians and the theologians of the Romish church, to a great extent consoled eminent and patriotic Italians for the rapidly advancing political degradation of their lovely but unfortunate country. There are few problems of history more startling or more fraught with moral lessons than the strange series of events which took place in Italy (to which land indeed "the fatal gift of beauty" has been accorded, as Byron said, copying Filicaia's sonnet beginning—

"Italia! Italia, O tu cui feo la sorte!
 Dono infelice de bellezza, ond'hai
 Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,
 Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte.")

—between the destruction of the Roman power, and the final establishment of the dominion of the stranger and of the barbarian. It would almost seem as though Providence had designed to punish the Italian race for the crimes and iniquities which it had tolerated or committed during the existence of the powerful nationality created by the old Romans; and that it has been a portion of its inscrutable scheme to render abortive all the subsequent attempts to establish Italian unity. The Carlovingian, the Suabian, the Spanish, and the Austrian dominions were mainly successful because there was no national opposition to them; and, indeed, the various dukes, princes, marquises, and miniature kings, who divided the land into so many turbulent but feeble states, were the most efficient allies of the foreign invaders, by reason of their opposition to the various attempts made from time to time to unite the states of Italy into one compact political body. So long as other nations were distracted by the subdivisions of the feudal system, the immense number of independent republics, or dominions of Italy, appears to have

been rather favourable than otherwise to the development of civilization; for there can be no doubt as to the position occupied by the free cities of Northern Italy, especially during the interval between the eleventh and the fifteenth centuries. But when monarchy had established its preponderance over feudalism in some of the great kingdoms of Europe, the unity and strength of those kingdoms gave them an irresistible superiority over the divided councils, and the partial efforts of such petty rival states as Genoa and Venice, Milan and Florence, or such kingdoms as those of Naples and Sardinia. Precisely, in fact, as France, Spain, and "that strange beast which has two beaks, in order to devour more" (*"quella strana bestia che per più divorar due becchi porta"*), advanced towards compact national unity, whilst the various communes—for they hardly merit the name of republics—to which Philippe de Commines so pointedly alluded, and the numerous little states under the Visconti, the Scaligers, the Estensi, the Ezzelini, the houses of Savoy, Anjou, and Monferrato, were suicidally striving for their own shadowy pre-eminence;—precisely as these opposite tendencies developed themselves did the incapacity of the Italians to maintain their independence against the surrounding nations make itself more and more apparent. Yet there is, and there always has been, a distinctly marked Italian mind;—there is, and there always has been, since the revival of letters, a distinctly marked Italian literature, as rich and as beautiful as the language in which it is recorded; and from the days of the Lombard kings, through the troubled times of Dante and Rienzi, constant efforts have been made, noble aspirations have been uttered, with the hope of rousing Italy to claim her place in the family of European nations. To the superficial observer it would seem that the causes which led to the inherent weakness of Italy, in the struggle with the bolder and more rapacious races by which she was surrounded, were by no means so unfavourable to intellectual brilliance as they were to political grandeur; for that country produced more eminent men in all the walks of art, science, or of literature, about the period of its final ruin, than at any previous or subsequent period. Yet even in this respect do we believe that the connexion between a nation's political position and its intellectual and moral character, may be traced; and that even amidst the brilliant crowd of celebrities which adorned the period of the Medici and of the Borgias, may be traced the effects of the last great struggles of freemen to maintain their independence under the shade of their own steeple, and of the events which led to the future subjugation of their land. They who strive earnestly to read the great enigma of man's destiny here on earth, can often distinguish the key-note to the feelings

of an age under circumstances which are mute to the world in general; and it has, therefore, been always to us a source of deep and earnest study to endeavour to trace in the writings of Ariosto, Tasso, Poliziano, Pulci, Berni, of Vittoria Colonna, Veronica Gambara, of Machiavelli, Guicciardini, Bembo, of our present subjects, Castiglione and Della Casa, or in the productions of Leonardo da Vinci, of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, Rafaelle, Titian, or Palladio, indications of the manner in which those great creators represented the strange turmoil, and the sad heart-rendings, which must have forced themselves upon their notice whilst contemplating the misery and ruin of their country. The conclusion to which we have arrived is, alas! that the civilization which had been produced by the stormy independence of the little republics, and by the revival of learning in Italy, was accompanied in its latter days, if even it were not distinctly characterized, by a degree of mental and moral corruption, scarcely veiled by extreme refinement; and that the national mind had been thoroughly depraved before its liberties were destroyed. Many portions of the writings of Castiglione and Della Casa, in particular, appear to warrant this opinion, and thus to clothe them with a painful interest beyond that which they would present simply on the score of their own merits as literary productions.

Castiglione himself was a member of the highest aristocracy, even if he were not absolutely of the reigning families of Italy, for his mother was a Gonzaga of Mantua, and a descendant of the celebrated Farinato degli Uberti. He was born on December 6th, 1478, and seems to have entered, about 1503, the service (if that term may be applied to the attendance upon the rulers of their day, which most young Italian nobles then invariably adopted) of Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino, who was considered to have held the most refined court in Italy, and to have been admirably seconded in his efforts to maintain that peculiar reputation by his noble and virtuous wife, Elizabeth Gonzaga, daughter of Francisco, Marquis of Mantua, who was thus connected by family ties with our author. Castiglione was early advanced to favour, and was sent to England on an embassy to Henry VII., whom he pleased so much that he conferred on the young diplomatist the order of the Garter, if we may believe the Italian biographies. On his return to Italy, Castiglione followed Guidobaldo, who commanded the Papal troops, in one of the unaccountable wars against the Venetians, which wasted the strength and embittered the local jealousies of his countrymen, precisely at the time when they most needed union in order to resist the stranger. At the conclusion of the campaign, our author was rewarded by his grateful master, and sent to repre-

sent him at the court of Leo X. He there married Ippolita Torelli, renowned for her beauty and talents; but his joy was soon turned to mourning by her sudden death. Clement VII., in order to wean him from his grief, sent Castiglione as his ambassador to Charles V.; and he was at the court of that monarch when the sack of Rome by Bourbon took place, in 1527. It was at first believed, at the Papal court, that Castiglione had not exhibited sufficient activity or ability in allowing this strange outrage to take place, without warning the Pope of the preparations for its execution; and though he cleared his character from the accusation so satisfactorily that both the Emperor and the Pope continued to employ and to honour him, it seems to have produced such an effect upon his mind that it brought him to a premature grave. He died at Toledo, at the age of fifty-seven years, having attained equal eminence in the somewhat incongruous pursuits of an author, a soldier, and a diplomatist. Castiglione's Latin poems were printed in the "*Deliciæ Poetarum Italorum*," under the name of Ranuzio Gheri, and they have been highly praised by Julius Scaliger and by Paolo Giovio. His Italian poems were collected and printed by Aldus, at Venice, 1553. He wrote several polemical treatises upon religious subjects; but his principal title to fame consists in the "*Libro del Corteggiano*," the first edition of which, in folio, was printed by the Aldines, at Venice, in the year 1528, and it would appear, from the preface to the more recent editions published during his own life, that we are indebted to some indiscretion on the part of Vittoria Colonna for the publication of the work in an authentic form.

Let the determining cause of the authentic publication of the "*Corteggiano*" have been what it may, the book itself is a very charming one; and they who desire to obtain an insight into the intimate character of the higher classes of society in Italy, during that very extraordinary period in which Castiglione figured, could not possibly refer to a more correct, or a more agreeable source. In Hallam's "*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*," &c., and in Dennistoun's "*Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino*," an account has been already given of the plan and the development of Castiglione's book; but, without referring our readers to those works, we may state that, in the edition which we have consulted, our author, after a most elegant and feeling tribute to the memories of the departed acquaintances of his youth, proceeds to relate, in the dedication originally addressed to Messer Alfonso Ariosto, that the motive which induced him to undertake the task of writing the book in question, was the desire to explain, for the benefit of his friend, the conduct which ought to be observed by any one who should be desirous

of becoming a finished courtier, or a perfect gentleman. This end Castiglione believed would be most effectually obtained by relating the discussions which took place in his presence at the court of the Duke of Urbino shortly after his return from his embassy into England, and the remainder of the work is occupied by this record.

It would seem that Guidobaldo the duke at the period to which Castiglione refers, had fallen into so deplorable a state of health that he was almost constantly bed-ridden, or, at any rate, that he was in the habit of retiring at an early hour of the evening, and leaving his court to amuse itself as it might think fit, under the direction of his amiable wife, and of his connexion the Senora Emilia Pia, the sister of Ghiberto Pio, lord of Carpi in Lombardy, and widow of Antonio, his own natural brother. One evening the gentlemen in Guidobaldo's service, who were accustomed to meet regularly in the saloon of the duchess, and who numbered in their ranks such men as Guiliano de Medici, Pietro Bembo, Cesar Gonzaga, Ludovico da Canossa, Gasparo Pallavicino, &c., appear to have met with feelings of more than usual exuberance of pleasure, on account of the departure of Pope Guilio II. after a visit of some duration. It seems to have been the custom of these refined triflers to organize a game of some description every evening; and on the particular occasion to which Castiglione alludes, as having given rise to his treatise on the duties of a courtier, the duchess called upon Lady Emilia to decide what should be the game of the particular evening. She suggested that the best course would be for every one then present to mention the game which he or she might deem most agreeable; and that, after everybody had expressed their opinions, a selection should be made; whereupon she turned to the Signor Gasparo Pallavicino, and called upon him to begin. There ensued a friendly squabble between the gentleman thus appealed to, and the fair mistress of the revels; but, after a short time, he was forced to yield, and with all the other parties present, to contribute his quatum to the general amusement. He suggested, therefore, that the game, or diversion, should consist in the discussion of the question as to what quality each person present would desire to meet with in the object of his affections, and also what defect would be most easily tolerated. Cesar Gonzaga, who was appealed to the next, proposed that the subject for discussion should be, inasmuch as everybody was more or less "cracked," that the company should state, in turn, what species of folly each of them would be willing to be guilty of. Fra Seraphino, and one of the Aretinos (whom we suspect, to the disgrace of the court of Guidobaldo, to be *the* infamous Aretino), proposed some

ridiculous nonsense, which was either at once pooh-poohed, or listened to with indifference, as were also the suggestions of Ottavian Fregoso, and of Pietro Bembo. Lady Emily then turned to Federigo Fregoso, who proposed that the assembly should discuss the qualities which were necessary to form a perfect courtier, and that somebody should be selected from the present company to define what constituted that character, whilst every one present should be allowed to question his opinion, or to suggest improvements upon the character so sketched. The Lady Emilia interrupted M. Federigo in the development of his views on this subject, by saying that she thought that the game so suggested should be the game of the evening, and demanded the consent of the duchess, which being given, the Lady Emilia turned to Count Ludovico da Canossa, and called upon him to commence the discussion. After the exhibitions of modesty which are, and always appear to, have been, customary under such circumstances, the Count Ludovico entered upon the description of the qualities which he believed to be necessary to constitute a perfect courtier, and from this discussion the book took its title.

The first qualification the count seems to have considered necessary for his hero was, high birth; for he seems to have been like a true aristocrat, imbued with the conviction that "*noblesse oblige*," and that in every pursuit, the scions of good families are the most likely to attain success. In addition to the advantages of birth, the count proposed that it should be admitted as a rule that the imaginary courtier should possess the advantages attached to a strong natural intellect, a good figure, a handsome face, and a general bearing which should prepossess everybody in his favour. Gasparo Pallavicino here interrupted the orator by stating that, so far from high birth being necessary, many instances might be cited in which men from the lowest positions had forced themselves into notice by dint of their own merit or ability. Of course, Il Conde Ludovico admitted all this; but he sagaciously added, that as they were then examining the best conditions of an imaginary personage, it would be ridiculous to cast aside the adventitious aids thus afforded by nature or by fortune. Then, in accordance with the wild spirit of the age, Castiglione makes his speaker dwell upon the necessity for an intimate knowledge of the use of arms, with the judicious reservation to the effect that he should not use them like a man who obtained his livelihood by his prowess in such exercises, but that he should simply know how to distinguish himself among gentlemen when the occasion might arise. The courtier ought to possess a due share of modest assurance to place his own qualities and recommendations in a

favourable light; and, with a little iteration, to be endowed with a sufficient amount of personal recommendations to enlist on his side the favourable opinions of those with whom he may be in contact. Skill in hunting, riding, the chace, and other manly exercises is held to be necessary for the finished gentleman; but all these various acts are to be performed with a degree of judgment and elegance fitted to secure general sympathy; and, therefore, those exhibitions are to be avoided which would tend to place their author in the ranks of public servants or actors. Above all things, affectation, whether in word or in deed, ought to be avoided, and Castiglione is particularly severe upon those of his countrymen who imitate foreign language and manners upon the strength of a few months' residence in foreign lands. Thereupon our author enters into a discussion as to the necessity for every Italian writer to adopt the Tuscan idiom, and he cites many reasons for an unrestricted use of the local dialects, which at the present day seem supremely unnecessary, especially to a foreigner, because subsequent usage has consecrated many of the phrases and turns of expression, about which the *cinque-cento* authors were sorely divided; and has condemned to utter oblivion many of the idiomatic expressions of the Tuscan authors, which were alone considered classical by the purists of the days in which Castiglione produced his charming work—a work, by the way, characterized by precisely the qualities its author avows so distinctly to be the objects of his ambition, viz., an utter absence of affectation, and a careful use of the best language adopted in ordinary life. It is, indeed, very curious for an Englishman, in the year of grace 1856, to read the arguments by which Castiglione defends himself from the accusation of neologism, on account of his use of the ordinary language of Lombardy and the Marches of the commencement of the sixteenth century; and to notice that he appeals to the authority of (as he writes) Policiano, Lorenzo de Medici, Francesco Diaceto, &c., in justification of his deviations from the style of Petrarch and Boccaccio. The whole of this parenthetical discussion, illustrated as it has been by the subsequent changes of the Italian language, simply proves that there is a constant effort at work in all tongues to modify or adapt them to the wants or to the genius of the age in which they are used; and that, therefore, the common sense of the whole business is, for every author to employ precisely the words or phrases, which shall ensure his being understood by the greatest number of people at the time when he writes, leaving to posterity the task of appreciating his style, if his subject be only worth study. Some of the collateral illustrations, and some of the examples, Castiglione derives from the Fine Arts, connected with literature,

moreover furnish a strange reflex light on contemporary appreciation of merit, which may perhaps serve to console some neglected merits. He places on the same rank as artists, Leonardo da Vinci, Montegna, Rafaele, Michael Angelo, and Giorgio da Castelfranco—the last named of these being now so utterly unknown that his name is not even to be found in Lanzi, or in Bryan's Dictionary of Painters, and he is only slightly noticed by Vasari.

The Lady Emilia Pia interrupted the semi-classical, semi-philological discussion which had been raised on this question of style, and brought back the Count Ludovico to the enumeration of the qualities required for the imaginary courtier. A rather sharp sally follows against the coquetry and affectation of the fair sex, which is conveyed in language but little calculated to raise our opinion of the politeness or delicacy of the age, and then the Count Ludovico proceeds to say that his courtier ought to be essentially "a good and entire character, comprehending under those terms, prudence, goodness, strength, and temperance of mind, with all the other conditions required for a gentleman." Truly, this is a wide field! and then it is extended by requiring that our courtier should be a man of education,—*notwithstanding that the French recognized the nobility of arms only, and ignored all the rest to such an extent that they utterly despised literature.* How strangely does the world alter in a few generations! and yet, in other respects, how immutable it seems to stand! for the very same national force of character Castiglione recognized in the French still survives, whilst the "small valour of the Italians"—as a nation be it observed, for individually they are brave to a fault—he regretted, is still "the true cause of their ruin." But our courtier is not only to be skilled and bold in the use of arms, but he is to be learned in the literary productions of others, and skilful himself as a poet, an orator, and a writer; yet, the while, carefully avoiding any unnecessary display, and rather considering literature as an ornament to arms than as a distinct pursuit. Music is also stated to be a necessary accomplishment of a finished gentleman, together with a general knowledge of the arts of design; and it is assumed that our courtier should have more than a mere theoretical or superficial knowledge of all these pursuits. Castiglione gives a rather interesting illustration of the extent to which he himself had reflected upon these subjects, by some curious speculations upon the relative merits of statuary and of painting, in which there may be observed a fine vein of sound sense running through a confused, tangled mass of verbiage after the fashion of the age, together with several references to the then living Rafaele; and we cannot avoid dwelling upon the strange interest which these

contemporary appreciations of excellence, now universally admitted, lend to books of this kind ! Amongst other observations, Castiglione makes one which we commend to the notice of the admirers of Messrs. Pradier, Gibson, and Marochetti, in their new-fangled notion of painted statuary ; for he declares this to be beyond the true province of the sculptor's art, and we also believe that it should be reserved to the chamber of horrors, or to other vulgar or fashionable exhibitions : *les extrêmes se touchent*. It would, indeed, be desirable that modern courtiers should know something of these subjects, if it were only to prevent our rulers from playing the sad freaks they have lately committed, and to preserve us from the abominations with which we are offended on every side. But it might be here out of place to dwell upon this subject, so we merely record our protest against the revival of this fashion in the present times, and revert to our author, who, at this particular part of his story, makes a sudden change of characters by transferring to M. Federigo Fregoso the duty of explaining how the imaginary courtier was to apply the various qualifications it had been already supposed that he ought to possess,—and thus the first evening of the game was terminated.

Before describing the second evening's amusements, Castiglione indulges in a rather long disquisition upon a subject of very general interest, which inspired him with some eloquent passages ; and has ever since served, even if it did not from all time, to call forth the expression of deep and bitter feelings ; we mean upon the different capacities for pleasure in youth and in age. Ah ! that youth, what a charm it has ! and how, to our young and inexperienced minds, the—

“Meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight do seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.”

But, alas ! since the world began men find as they grow old, “that the things they once have seen, they now can see no more !” So thought Castiglione in 1528, and so most of us who have passed any considerable proportion of their troubled span of life feel now ; and when we meet in the description of the refined courtier the expression of a regret so many of us must feel, it strikes the chord of a universal feeling, and we recognize the “touch of nature which makes all the world kin”—Italians or Englishmen, *cinq-ue-cento* courtiers or members of our self-governing middle classes. After this passing tribute to the feelings of the heart—this regret for the bright days of his youth, in which the conversations recorded in his book took

place, Castiglione proceeds to make his new speaker declare that one of the first qualifications necessary for the proper application of the advantages the courtier was supposed to possess, was discretion in the mode and time of displaying them, together with caution and prudence. Mock-modesty, or a deficiency of self-esteem, appears to have been equal objects of contempt to our author; and he recommends that his imaginary character should lose nothing by diffidence or by retiring pride. Great attention is to be paid to dress and all external indications of rank and position, and all mere physical contentions in manly exercises avoided, as our hero is supposed to enter upon them solely for amusement, without making them a serious object of pursuit. He is recommended to be cautious in the choice of his associates, and to avoid placing himself in contact with low or common people even in the pursuit of pleasure—a piece of advice young men of all ages and countries would do well to follow. Whatever he undertakes, however, the courtier is advised to demean himself as though his then pursuit were neither his profession, nor did he seek or expect any praise for his success therein: to use a modern phrase, he was indeed to be an egregious “snob,” and endeavour to create a more advantageous impression by the skilful manner in which he disguises the labour expended on acquiring social accomplishments, or by surpassing the expectations he had allowed others to conceive from his previous conduct. To do the right thing, at the right time, in the right manner, and in the right place, is in fact the substance of M. Federigo Fregoso’s doctrine; and a careful study of the character of those around him, as well as of the requirements of his own age, station, and pursuit, are supposed to be sufficient to indicate the means for its application. No high motives are appealed to, however; nor is the notion of social duty even alluded to in the early portions of the book. Worldly success, and the manner of securing the good graces of the prince to whose suite he is attached, are alone considered by the parties to the discussion in the first three evenings, to be the objects for which he is to strive; and, indeed, we cannot help remarking that there is throughout the writings of all the Italian authors of the commencement of the sixteenth century a decided absence of moral or religious feeling. The great earthquake of the Reformation was in fact required to revive this nobler portion of their natures in the minds even of the Catholic nations; and however a certain school of English critics may abuse the productions of the latter portion of this century (the sixteenth), and of the following troubled age, it must always present surpassing interest to the true philosopher, on account of the startling violence with which the element of religious faith shook off the semi-pagan Rationalism of the later Middle Ages. The remark-

able want of this vital quality throughout Central and North-Western Europe during the fourteenth and the commencement of the fifteenth centuries, is indeed strangely ignored by the blind admirers of Mediævalism; but both this phenomenon and the ardent faith of the Spaniards at the same period, are to be explained by the conditions of struggle or of repose, observable in either case. The fierce crusades of our Simon de Montfort against the Albigensians produced a local and temporary disturbance of the stagnant waters of religious indifference, under which our ancestors had sunk after the great crusades had been laid aside; but it was not until after the Reformation that men again began to address themselves earnestly to the great question of duty or of faith. The religion of even Dante and Petrarch, still more that of Boccaccio, of Chaucer, Thibault de Champagne, and Charles d'Orleans, of Rabelais and Montaigne, was of a very easy character, and was allowed to trouble their earthly passions or pursuits as little as need be. Amongst the prose writers of Italy at the time in which Castiglione lived, this indifference had attained its maximum; and we are at times startled by the absence of all reference to the highest and noblest motives to human actions. The Courtier, indeed, is supposed to strive to merit favours rather than to seek them; to avoid every vice or impropriety of conduct; but this is to be done in order to acquire favour, and it may be cited as a characteristic illustration of the morals of the day that, the parties to the dialogue discuss for a long time, and without at length arriving at any very clear decision, as to whether he ought to commit a crime if commanded so to do by his prince. Evidently, there was then little necessary connexion between a perfect courtier, and a perfectly good man or a Christian. Are we better in this respect? Alas! we fear not; and the disgraceful eagerness with which the leaders of our society have shown themselves disposed to worship successful villany, proves that amongst them the tone of morals, is in no wise superior to that which prevailed in the times of Henry VII.

Castiglione makes some very sensible remarks upon the imitations of foreign dress and fashions of wearing the hair and beard, which our travelling youths would do well to read; though, of course, these lessons of common sense are not more likely to be profitable now than they were when he uttered them. At all times men have been disposed to adopt the old Latin phrase, and to consider "*Omne ignotum pro magifico*"—just as some of our modern slip-slop politicians talk of "Continentalizing" England, on the supposition that everything which takes place abroad is better than what transpires here. Castiglione, in this portion of his book, reproves such of his countrymen as imported the habits or the peculiarities of foreign

lands, simply because they were different from those to be met with in ordinary life; and he disposes very quickly of the assumptions of superiority which are in fact only based upon the affectation of singularity, of the preference avowed by some shallow pretenders for foreign habits and customs in order that they may affect to despise those of their native land. In these matters the duty of a gentleman of the present day, like that of the perfect courtier of the Italian courts of the sixteenth century, was, and is, to avoid anything like affectation, either whilst residing at home or abroad; and, therefore, the proper course to be adopted is to conform to the ideas and customs of those around us, observing always that it is a proof of a little mind to seek for notice by singularity in little things; and that after all the most ridiculous blunder a man can make is to affect to be that which he really is not. These remarks must not, however, be construed into anything like a depreciation of a due attention to external appearances, for our author says, almost in the words of Le Sage, and in which we decidedly agree, that as a man dresses so will he be classed by the world in general, for many are likely to see who cannot judge of the merits of a man. Another very essential condition for success, on which our author dwells, consists in the choice of friends and associates; and upon this subject a very charming episodic discussion takes place between M. Federigo and Pietro Bembo (whom we shall have occasion to allude to hereafter in a more decided manner), in the course of which modern friendships are rather roughly treated in comparison with the mythological tales of Orestes and Pylades, Theseus and Pirithous, or the distant histories of Damon and Pythias, Scipio and Lelius. The Courtier is to be learned in all games adopted in society, and anxious at all times to produce a favourable *first* impression upon either sex. He is assiduously to avoid any exhibition of mere animal propensities, and of any habits which are likely to offend the prejudices or opinions of his friends. A knowledge of modern languages is also considered to be necessary; but whatever may be the extent of his education, the courtier is above all things to avoid a display which is likely to be offensive to others, or any tacit assumption by word, deed, or implication of superiority over them. So also in joking: the principles laid down for our imaginary hero's conduct are mainly that he should avoid any exhibition which might be painful to others, and that he should carefully avoid inconvenient displays; for wit is indeed, a two-edged sword, and nothing is so likely to bring down upon a man a host of bitter enemies (witness Yorick) than a careless, and perhaps good-humoured habit of turning everybody to ridicule. It is in this portion of the dis-

cussion that we meet with the tale before referred to, of the frozen words exchanged between the Italian merchants established in the dominions of the King of Poland and the subjects of the Duke of Moscow ; (how some things change in the political world !) and there are also some rather humorous, but very broad tales, such as we should now hesitate to repeat where women were present. Nevertheless, Castiglione dwells seriously upon the danger and impropriety of jesting with sacred subjects ; and it is, moreover, to be observed in defence of his latitude of expression, that all Continental nations, even at the present day, tolerate a licence of speech to which we are but little accustomed in our somewhat Puritanical land. Thus, perhaps, we may explain how even Castiglione himself, could not refrain from relating some histories, which are but little flattering to the cardinals and other princes of the church which he served ; and he makes the noble and chaste Duchess of Urbino, and the equally noble and chaste Lady Emilia Pia, take part in conversations which no Englishwoman would allow to proceed in her presence. But if the language be thus at times objectionable, there are sentiments put into the mouths of some of the speakers to which little exception can be taken, and it would be well for the courtiers of some of the modern states to adopt the principles M. Bernardo, a new speaker, propounded for the relations between the sexes. "Love," he says, "must be admitted to be the most valid excuse for the errors of men or of women ; but a gentleman in love should be in this, as in all other cases, sincere and true ; and he should aim alone at the subjugation of the soul of his mistress, without seeking for any other gratification, or any other reward for his devotion." These principles are explained at some length and with considerable eloquence ; but they did not pass without contradiction, for the Signor Gasparo Pallavicino seized the opportunity they afforded of making a violent attack upon women, to which of course all the ladies present were anxious at once to reply. The Lady Emilia, however, seems to have thought it safer for her sex to appear by its champion ; so she selected Giuliano de Medici to undertake the defence of women from the attacks of this slanderer, and she also called upon him to describe, for the third evening's amusement, a model lady fitted to be the companion for the courtier described by Count Ludovico and M. Federigo Fregoso.

Giuliano de Medici began by stating that women should, above all things, avoid the assumption of the masculine character, especially in the manners and habits of every-day life. Then he considered that the court lady ought to have the essential qualifications already assumed to be required for the courtier, such as noble birth, absence of affectation, an agreeable mental

and physical organization, good manners, prudence, absence of pride, envy, vanity, quarrelsomeness; the power to acquire and to retain the good-will of her lord; as well as a degree of skill in the performance of all the exercises to which women usually turn their attention. She ought to be beautiful, but very careful to avoid scandal by word or by deed; and unite with prudence, magnanimity, chastity, and other virtues, the skill requisite for keeping in order her husband's establishment, and providing for her children. A degree of courteous affability, and a readiness to enter into every proper conversation, was required; but then it should be accompanied by gentle manners, modesty, and that reserve which is one of the greatest ornaments of the sex. All this is very pretty, and is no doubt true, as far as it goes: the only objection to be made to the supposed perfect character assigned thus by our author to women is (like that we before made to the character assigned to men), that it is not based upon any high or religious motives, and is evidently considered simply as a means for securing success in a court. Alas! we fear that much of the evil fate of Italy is to be attributed to this deficiency of high moral principle in the higher classes of either sex! and it may be that even the very refinement of their behaviour in unimportant matters may have indisposed the Italian nobles to submit to the privations, annoyances, and daily sacrifices, required to secure and maintain their freedom as a nation. The charms of female coquetry are pretty additaments to a character in itself good and noble; and it is only when so balanced, that they can be prevented from assuming an undue importance. Dancing, music, dress, literature, graceful manners, and charms of person are, no doubt, very desirable qualifications in the woman who is to share the existence of a courtier, or even of any man; but these accomplishments are mainly addressed to the external world, whilst woman's real sphere is the internal world of her home and family. There may then, we believe, be some lessons to be derived by women from the book of the Courtier, if they desire only to shine in the world's eye; but they must seek for counsel elsewhere, if they wish to become wise or good in a strictly moral sense, or to be, as they were designed to be, the helpmates of their husbands.

There are some very curious illustrations of the state of physical science, at this period, to be found in the arguments which Giuliano de Medici advanced in favour of the fair sex; and really if the nonsense he talked about heat and cold were received soberly and seriously as philosophical reasoning, we can understand the point of much of Rabelais's satire, and of Bacon's arguments. Yet these records of former dogmas are interesting, if only as proofs of the extent to which the wisest and best of us

may stray under the influence of fashion; and they ought to make us pause to inquire whether we may not even now be as likely to be mistaken, as were the philosophers of Europe before the announcement of the inductive method of sciences. The metaphysical and the physical philosophy of the age of Castiglione, as may be gathered from the scraps interwoven in the text of the "*Corteggiano*," erred from the readiness of their professors to adopt names and authorities, instead of things. Now, we are often falling into an error of an opposite kind, and we abuse analytical reasoning to such an extent, that we seem to ignore the fact, that nature always proceeds by broad synthesis; and we thus narrow our field of vision to the few appearances we are immediately in contact with, and shut ourselves out from all general, or comprehensive views of external, or of internal nature. But, be this as it may, the Medici proceeds to cite numerous instances of the excellence of the sex he had undertaken to praise; and in reply to the facetious challenge, that his illustrations were all selected from such remote periods that no one could ascertain their correctness, he appealed to the company for their confirmation of his assertion of the superior merits of the ladies of the houses of Montefeltro, Gonzaga, Da Este, De Pij; and, passing from them, he referred to the glorious examples afforded by Anne of Brittany, Queen of France, and of Isabella of Castile, in support of his proposition, that women were perfectly able to set examples for the world's guidance in "true greatness, prudence, religion, honour, courtesy, liberality," and, to quote our author, "every virtue." Isabella seems to have been one of the goddesses of Castiglione's idolatry; nor can it be a matter of surprise, that a character so pure and holy, as that of the Castilian queen, should have excited the enthusiasm of all Southern Europe. It would, indeed, have been difficult to have imagined at any time, or under any circumstances, a better, or a truer representative of a woman's worth in an elevated position. But fortunately, few women are called to be queens, because the few who play such conspicuous parts on the world's stage, lose in fact, their real charm as members of the weaker sex; under all circumstances, too, they are so removed from the daily concerns of life, that they can afford but little instruction to the members of their sex destined to be wives and mothers of families—or even to such as are only required to strut and fret their hours in subordinate positions on the stage of a court; and, therefore, we must consider even the amended illustrations of women's excellence cited by Giuliano de Medici, as only bearing indirectly upon the real question. The rest of the third evening's discussion contains, however, so many very equivocal sentiments, and is conducted in a style and language so very

unbecoming the ears of women, that we are startled to find that the ladies even of that strange period could allow it to proceed; and we cannot but consider that, even if our modern punctiliousness be after all somewhat affected and insincere, still it is preferable to err by being righteous over much in these respects, than to indulge in the coarse licence of word and deed, which prevailed universally during the Middle Ages, and which we fear, still prevails in the countries where the Roman Catholic religion is predominant, numerous and glorious though we know the exceptions to be, to the general low tone of morals with which we believe it to be connected. At all times and in all countries, however, the general praise our author bestows upon women, through the mouth of M. Cesare Gonzaga, will be echoed by those who know them best. "Who, indeed," he exclaims, "does not know that without them, no contentment or satisfaction can be felt in any condition of our lives? which, without them, would be rude, and deprived of every kind of pleasure. Who does not know that women remove from our hearts all low and vile thoughts; the pain, and misery, and dreariness of sorrow, which so often accompany them? And if we carefully consider the truth of this matter, we must confess that so far from turning men's minds from great things, they rather urge them forward to their execution; and that the man into whose heart the flame of woman's love has once penetrated, can no longer be a bad man; for he who loves always desires to be amiable, and above all things, dreads incurring any disgrace which may render him less estimable in the eyes of her whom he is anxious to attach to himself." This is prettily said in the original, and what is better, is very true, as are also some of the other short maxims dispersed through this dialogue, which have been developed, by the way, by modern authors without acknowledgment of their source. For instance, Juliano is made to say "he who loves sincerely, speaks little;" that "it is not in our power to love;" that "men's desires do not extend to objects which they know they can never attain;" that "the first duty of the man who desires to be loved, is to love, and to render himself loveable." But, although both the Courtier and the Lady are assumed to be without deceit, and to be perfectly well-bred and discreet, the whole of their characters must be considered to be, we fear, exposed to the accusation of being essentially artificial, and of being devoid of any hearty genuineness, or even as we said before, of any high moral principle, though still they are more like real, true men and women, than the polished gentlefolk who might be formed on the Chesterfield model.

On the last evening during which the little court of the Duchess of Urbino discussed the qualifications of their imaginary

phoenix, the S. Ottaviano Fregoso was called upon to supply any defects which his predecessors had left, and to render him perfect. This he proceeded to do, in a far higher strain than his predecessors, by stating that the object for which the courtier should seek to acquire favour by the end of the arts, graces, and manners previously attributed to him, ought to be in itself great and noble. He should make use of his influence to teach his prince truth above all things, and to guide him strictly in the paths of honour and virtue. There are some passages in Castiglione's book which are so "plain spoken" upon the follies and vices of princes, that we are at first disposed to ask ourselves whether really they could have been written before the great days of revolutions. Thus he says, that no man would venture to attempt a piece of music in society if he were ignorant of that art; and yet princes do not hesitate to pretend to govern large bodies of men without any previous study or education, as though "they knew their stops" instinctively—to quote an expression from our master-poet, who seems, indeed, from many passages in this very play of "Hamlet," to have studied our Italian author. The courtier who would seek to be an honest man, must, he also observes, lead his prince through the arduous path of virtue, and strive to adorn that straight and narrow way in such wise as to allure him to follow it, instead of the broader and easier road which would lead to the misery of his subjects and the shipwreck of his own fame. Some of the sentences uttered by the S. Ottaviano would have figured well in the writings of Franklin or of Bentham, even if both the latter did not borrow from this singularly rich source; for he says—almost in the words of an older Italian, Cicero, by the way—that "laws do not punish so much on account of past errors, as to prevent their repetition in order that the bad example so set may not mislead others;" and that "if good and evil were understood, every one would choose the good, and avoid the evil; moreover, virtue might be called a description of prudence, and a faculty of selecting the good, and vice an imprudence, and a proof of ignorance which leads to error; because men never designedly choose the evil, knowing it to be evil, but are deceived in such cases by a semblance of good. True pleasure is always good, and real pain is always evil; and they seriously deceive themselves who confound the one with the other, and who, in seeking the former, throw themselves into the latter." A very interesting discussion was raised upon these sentiments between Pietro Bembo and Ottaviano; in which Bembo questioned the correctness of the opinion that the choice of evil was a proof of ignorance, because many, even when knowing better, preferred evil; and Ottaviano contended,

that even when the knowledge of the nature and extent of the evil was greatest, the determining motive which led to its selection was based upon a mistaken opinion of its real character. "True knowledge," he said, "would never be overcome by the affections or the passions of the body; and if it were well guided by reason, it would infallably lead to virtue; if not so guided, to vice." Of the moral, but social virtues, in addition to those already named, the Signor Ottaviano thought to be requisite for a Courtier, we may cite with unlimited approbation, those of continence, temperance, justice, modesty, magnanimity, prudence; and after they had been thus somewhat in detail enumerated, the question was raised (we should be tempted at the present day to say, prematurely), as to whether the government of a good prince or that of a republic were most fitted to secure the happiness of mankind. There is not much depth or solidity in the arguments brought forward by the partisans of either system, who were respectively Bembo, who advocated the cause of republics, and Ottaviano, who advocated that of monarchy; and, indeed, we should hardly have dwelt upon this episode, had it not been that the partisan of monarchy urged one observation of such universal truth, that it may safely be repeated here. It is to this effect, that "true liberty does not consist in living as men desire, but rather in living according to good laws; and that to obey is not less natural, useful, or necessary, than to command, whilst there are some natures as distinctly created for obedience as there are others for dominion." Elsewhere Castiglione foreshadows Filicaia's sonnet and Byron's stanzas, by saying, that "often the wealth of a state is a cause of its ruin; as in our poor Italy, which is, and has been, exposed to the attacks of strangers, on account of its bad governments, and on account of its surpassing wealth;" thus, with natural indulgence for the weakness or folly of his countrymen, keeping out of sight their want of moral courage to force their rulers to perform their duties, or to defend their own interests. And after some curious episodes, by a singular but well-prepared transition, the arguments with respect to the character of a refined courtier were concluded by Pietro Bembo being called upon by the duchess to explain in what manner he could yield consistently to a love which should bring neither blame nor sorrow to him or to its objects. It would seem from the fragments of Bembo's spoken wisdom compared with his published works, that he was, like our Coleridge, an inspired talker, but after all a very specious and shallow reasoner—a man who intoxicated himself and his hearers with words, but who conveyed few sound ideas. Castiglione describes him as launching forth into a discourse composed of most eloquent Platonic descriptions of immaculate

affections, totally unknown to men in their present miserable state; but the whole is conveyed in a style so fascinating, that the reader hangs upon the words recorded, as the auditors seem to have hung upon them when uttered; and there is a singular resemblance to the doctrines of the school of Plato running through this remarkable discourse, which might have furnished Ghioberti with an illustration of his favourite theory of the Italo-Pelasgic analogies of many of that wondrous philosopher's doctrines. Bembo contends that "beauty proceeds directly from God, and is, as it were, a circle of which goodness is the centre, nor can beauty exist without goodness"—"goodness may, indeed, be said to be beauty, and to a certain extent the same thing, especially in the human body,"—and he oddly enough expresses in one forcible, elegant sentence, the sentiment Voiture dilated into a very charming stanza, when he says that "the divinely enamoured Plato declared that his soul came to his lips, and was about to leave his body when he kissed his love." This strange mystical, "moon-shiney" (as Carlyle would say) disquisition is wound up by an eloquent peroration and address to Love, pure and refined as Bembo understood it to be; and insensibly the little court seems to have been so carried away by the fascination of the inspired talker's tongue, that the morning dawned ere it was aware of the duration of its pleasure, and then it separated under the dreamy influences of such discourse, so prolonged to the still calm hours of twilight, never to meet again!

There is something melancholy about this close of the "game of the Corteggiano;" and there comes, as it were, over the mind in reading it, the same kind of impression which is produced by the strangely fascinating wail of an *Æolian* harp. And yet the fourth book, in which this melancholy character is most perceptible, is the one which precisely strikes us as being not only the most fascinating, but also as constituting the superiority of Castiglione's book to the other productions of the same description. There is throughout the whole work, as we said before, a total absence of religious sentiment, as we now usually understand the phrase, and our author might as well have been a Pagan of the Academic school as a native of Catholic Italy, and a servant highly favoured by the head of the orthodox church. In the days "when *Rafaele* painted and a *Vida* sang," however, this semi-paganism was by no means rare; nor, when we consider that *Alexander Borgia* and *Leo X.* were, at this period, in possession of the Pontifical chair, or in fact were supposed to be the visible representatives of the church, can we be much surprised that the religion they were supposed to represent should have lost all hold upon the educated or intellectual

classes. At the time when Chesterfield wrote, a similar phase of moral and political apathy seems to have prevailed; connected, moreover, with a period of reaction from a previous over-excitement of religious feeling, similar to that of the Middle Ages in some of its characteristics; but there was this notable difference between the refinement advocated by the indifferent Castiglione to that advocated by the still more indifferent contemporary of Voltaire and D'Orleans, that the former proposed to himself a model of ideal excellence founded upon a deeply meditated, though it may be mistaken, conception of truth and beauty, whilst the latter only aimed at inculcating the maxims which should secure success in the world. The fourth book of Castiglione's "*Corteggiano*" is, indeed, the most interesting, and the most worthy of study. It is, moreover, the one which we suspect has the most contributed to the permanent reputation of the work, both on account of the subjects discussed, and on account of the surpassing beauty of the language. This in many cases rises even to poetical rhythm; and there are few prose works in existence that we are acquainted with which can compare with the "*Corteggiano*" in this very important, but now, in England especially, too much neglected respect.

Faret's book, "*L'Honeste Homme; ou, l'Art de Plaire à la Cour*," is, after all, nothing but a feeble imitation of Castiglione's greater work, modified to suit the atmosphere of Versailles, or rather, we should say, St. Germain, in the early days of the reign of Louis XIV. There is no more religion in the Frenchman's code of a courtier's duty, whilst there is even less of personal dignity and self-reliance,—as might have been expected indeed from a man who had made himself so useful to Richelieu, and had preserved credit under Mazarin. Success is the god of his idolatry, and the favour of the prince the object of his ambition. Many of the counsels he gives are, no doubt, based upon common sense, and a profound knowledge of the weaker motives of the great world; but neither are they original, nor do they emanate from high motives, and, as such, they cannot tend to raise the character of those who might be supposed to adopt them. The book is a curious one, and would well repay perusal by those who seek to appreciate the intimate character of the epoch in which it was written; but it would hardly justify a lengthened analysis in our pages, and, indeed, it has been here principally referred to because of the vogue it enjoyed at the time of its production, and of the moral thus pointed—of the capricious character of literary fame. Faret's book was originally published in 1630, and it rapidly passed through several editions. In 1650, the edition we have con-

sulted, was published in Paris, and consisted of the revised text, with a Spanish translation by Ambrosio de Salazar, who styled himself secretary and Spanish interpreter of the king, and appears to have been medical adviser of the queen, and who was the author of a well-known work in its day, called the "*Clavellinas de Recreacion*." Faret himself appears to have excited the ire of the bitter, but by no means scrupulous or fair critic, Boileau; and he is principally known by the following lines, in which he has been "damned to everlasting fame" by that ill-natured sneerer at all worldly success:—

"Ainsi tel autrefois qu'on vit avec Faret
Charbonner de ses vers les murs d'un cabaret."

For our own parts, although we object strongly to the absence of high moral principle throughout "*L'Honeste Homme*,"—which title affords a strange exemplification, by the way, of the distinction existing in French between the same words differently placed, *l'honnête homme* and *l'homme honnête*, between the polite and the honest man,—we cannot refrain from saying, that we differ entirely from those who form their opinions of Faret's merits from Boileau's passionate sarcasms. The book we refer to, at least, is well and elegantly written; in an antiquated style, no doubt, and with many far-fetched turns of phrase and obscure allusions. But we must observe that it argues well for its merit that it should have obtained the success that it unquestionably did; and, for many reasons, we suspect that its author must have been a person of a far superior stamp to what Boileau would lead us to believe; for he who could induce Cardinal Richelieu to protect the Comte d'Harcourt, who was the friend of Molière, St. Arnaud, Bois-Robert, and Coeffetau, and who was one of the founders of the French Academy, could have been no ordinary man. Faret, indeed, is said to have drawn up the original statutes of the academy; a task Boileau could never have performed, for that high-priest of "monotony on wire" was only fitted to sneer at real producers. He could produce nothing original himself, and to him may well be applied the line, "*Ben si suol dir, non falla, chi non fa.*"

Della Casa was a man who occupied a far more conspicuous place upon the world's stage than Faret, or any of the other translators or adapters of Castiglione's great work. Giovanni della Casa was born in 1503, and was connected by family ties with Alamanni, the Strozzi, Rucellai, and other celebrated families of Tuscany. He studied in Bologna, and also in Padova, where he became acquainted with Cardinal Bembo, then in old age. At first, he intended to enter into the struggle of political life in Florence, and he enrolled himself in one of

the corporate bodies of that town, through which alone access could be had to civic honours; but as he did not advance with sufficient rapidity to satisfy his own ambition, he went to Rome, where, notwithstanding the irregularities of his life, he had two good friends in Alessandro Farnese, subsequently Paolo III., and in his nephew, Cardinal Alessandro Farnese. He here took holy orders, and was shortly afterwards sent to Florence as the Apostolic Commissioner for the collection of the Papal tithes. In 1544, he was promoted to the Archbishopric of Benevento; about 1547, he was sent as Ambassador to the Republic of Venice, in order to induce that government to join the league between the Pope and the King of France. Della Casa seems to have acquired a great affection for this town, as he retired there during some years which he devoted to the study of letters,—his flock the while being, we fear, sadly neglected,—until he was commanded by Paolo IV. to assume the position of Secretary of State. He did not attain the dignity of Cardinal, and some suppose even that the very irregular life he led in his youth, and his very loose early poems, were the grounds of his exclusion. It is hardly probable that this was the case in the first half of the sixteenth century; but, however this might have been, Della Cassa seems to have been bitterly disappointed at not being so named to the highest rank in the church; for he died shortly after Paul IV. had passed him over in the first nomination of cardinals under his papacy, notwithstanding the affection with which, on all occasions, he spoke of Casa, his *socius laboris*. Are we to suppose that popes are not more grateful than ordinary princes?

We cannot here enter upon an examination of the Latin or of the Italian poems of Della Casa, nor of the orations or set speeches he made in the discharge of his political duties, which were much admired at the period of their delivery, but which now seem very pedantic and lifeless, based as they were upon an imitation of the style and arguments of Tacitus or Livy rather than upon the wants or circumstances of the age. The student of Mediæval literature would, however, do well not to imitate our compulsory neglect of these very remarkable productions; for he will find in the poems especially, many elegant and charming passages, defaced too often, we are sorry to say, by the licence of their language. Our limits only allow us at present to call attention to the "*Galateo, ovvero de' Costumi*," the work which constitutes our author's principal title to immortality, and has so strongly impressed the imaginations of the inhabitants of Southern Europe, that its name has been adopted as the generic title for all similar treatises upon manners. It has been translated into almost every language of

Europe, and is still the canon for those who affect refinement in the daily intercourse of life amongst Italians or Spaniards. The plot is remarkably simple, for it consists solely in this, that an old man of the middle ranks of society relates to a young relation the rules of conduct he had observed to be most successful; and he cites as an illustration of their application a certain M. Galateo, an esteemed servant of a certain Bishop of Verona, from whose name the treatise itself derived its title. As in the case of Castiglione's book, there is no attempt on the part of the learned archbishop to infuse a religious or high moral tone into the principles he promulgates; and the "Galateo" might almost as easily have been written by a man of refinement educated under the influence of Polytheism, as by a high priest of a purer religion. Many of the doctrines indeed are literal translations or adaptations of passages of Aristotle, Plutarch, Cicero, Seneca, Ovid, or Horace; very few, indeed, are inspired directly by the Bible; and though unquestionably Della Casa recommends attention to the feelings of others, and to the minor charities of life, he evidently only considers this to be the wisest course in order to secure the personal goodwill and the assistance of those with whom we may be in contact, whilst he makes no allusion to the obligation which is incumbent upon all of us "to do to others as we would be done by," and which, in fact, constitutes the moral obligation to politeness. Setting aside this objection, we avow a sincere approval of many of the minor laws for social intercourse laid down in this treatise. Politeness is, as Della Casa says, when well understood, "if not itself a virtue, very closely allied to it; and although it is a matter of greater importance to be liberal, firm, and magnanimous, than to be agreeable or winning, nevertheless the charms of manner may often be as advantageous to their possessors as strength of character, it being necessary for us to be in daily contact with one another, whereas the occasions for the exhibition of great virtues are extremely rare;" and thence it is, he says further on, that ill-mannered men are generally speaking, as much disliked as bad men. True politeness he defines to consist in regulating our actions so as to please others, and not for our own gratification. Every action, every trick which might suggest unpleasant ideas must, therefore, be sedulously avoided; and our author cites some curious illustrations of the disagreeable habits of his own times, which still survive both there and with ourselves. Picking teeth in company, whistling—a vile English habit,—washing the mouth after a meal—a vile Continental abomination,—noisy tricks, such as beating what we call "the devil's tattoo," or singing, or sneezing, or coughing with unnecessary violence, are all of

the class of habits Della Casa stigmatizes ; nor, adds he, should these things be thought of small moment because they are amongst the minor observances, for small blows, often repeated, kill, or, as Ovid says, "*Gutta cavat lapidem.*" Attention to dress is recommended, because slovenliness indicates a contempt for those around ; and the fashions of the country and the age we live in should be observed, because singularity in these matters argues that we conceive ourselves to be wiser than our neighbours. All exhibitions of pride are condemned, for pride is said to proceed from a contempt of others, a sure way of wounding their feelings ; and, indeed, says our author, it is prudent in the affairs of the world to treat people with the consideration to which they are entitled by common consent, without stopping to inquire into their real title to such deference, just as we take money at its usual course without attempting to assay it. Abstraction in company is reprehensible ; punctiliousness in exacting deference from others is to be avoided ; indecent or profane expressions are condemned ; as are too constant references to our own private affairs, interests, or affections, and especially all reference to ourselves or our own merits. Discretion, truth, frankness, absence of unmeaning ceremony (which is a species of deceit), and a consideration for the habits, modes of thought, and feelings of those with whom we live are the golden rules of Della Casa's code of manners ; and they are of universal application even after all the boasted advances of modern society. Obstinacy or pertinacity in argument, misplaced jesting, the habit of turning everything to ridicule, or a want of refinement of language, are strongly reprobated ; nor does the mania for learned phrases, or an affectation of superior knowledge, find favour in Della Casa's sight. In conversation, as in everything else, the great principle he inculcates is rather to endeavour to please others than to exhibit one's self, and, therefore, he blames the attempt to monopolize too much of the general attention. Della Casa enters upon a short disquisition as to what constitutes beauty ; for he says that men seek that quality as much as they seek goodness ; but his metaphysics are of a very shallow description—as perhaps they ought to be in a mere treatise upon manners—for he makes beauty consist in the balance and harmony of the details of an object ; and then, he says, that men should seek to attain beauty in all their actions. Understanding that phrase to mean that men should aspire to moral excellence, we agree with our author ; and we also approve the minor counsels he gives—utterly without reference to logical arrangement be it observed, and without having the fear of repetition before his eyes—to the person who is desirous of being considered well bred : such as avoiding the use of scents, of unbecoming

attitudes or exercises, of excesses at table, &c. ; but he adds, and to this we decidedly demur, "that it is better to err with the multitude in such small things, than to do right, alone." In fine, Della Casa inculcates the doctrines, that graceful, winning manners constitute the great charm of society; and the substance of his argument is to prove that consideration for the feelings of others is the basis of good manners. This is also the key-note to the "*Trattato degli Ufficij comuni*,"—principally borrowed from Cicero's admirable essay "*De Officiis*," by the way—and with the exception of the absence of higher motives, to which we have had occasion so often to allude and regret, we can only find reason for admiration and praise in both these treatises.

It is not surprising that such a work should have constantly been referred to; nor that it should have been again and again translated. The somewhat exaggerated refinement of the minor recommendations, however, was most adapted to the genius of the Spanish nation, and, therefore, it is that they possess more numerous translations of the "*Galateo*" than any others. Lucas Gracian Dantisco's book, the "*Galateo Español*," is indeed avowedly a literal copy of the Italian original; but the author has taken some trifling liberties with the text, and has destroyed the charm of style with which Della Casa clothed his lessons of politeness; his book, or rather the edition of the "*Galateo*" to which we have referred, is, indeed, principally interesting on account of a strange, mystical, rambling set of maxims which he has appended under the title of "*El Destierro de Ignorancia*," and of an attempt to moralize Diego de Mendoza's amusing, but very free novel, under that of "*La Vida del Lazarillo de Tormes Castigado*." It would lead us too far were we at present to attempt to analyze the latter; and, indeed, the subject of the *Picarresque* novels is too curious for such a cursory notice. It merits a special article, which we propose to give hereafter, and in the meantime we conclude our observations upon the Mediæval authors of Italy and Spain who have treated the questions of manners with the greatest and most permanent success, by saying that they will still repay perusal, notwithstanding the changes which have passed over the spirit of society of late years; and that many of us might derive benefit from the attempt to apply the doctrines or the precepts they propound. The external character of English society especially is of a harsh and unamiable nature, and our countrymen require more than most other European nations to impress upon their minds the importance of attention to the minor charities and the minor observances to which Della Casa in particular alludes.

ART. II.—*The Life and Works of Goethe, with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries.* By G. H. Lewes. 2 vols. London: D. Nutt. 1855.

2. *The Autobiography of Goethe. Truth and Poetry: from my own Life.* Translated from the German by John Oxenford, Esq. *The concluding Books of the Autobiography; also, Letters from Switzerland and Travels in Italy.* Translated by the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, M.A. London: Henry G. Bohn.
3. *Conversations with Goethe in the Last Years of his Life.* Translated from the German of Eckermann, by John Oxenford, Esq. London: H. G. Bohn.
4. Article "Goethe," in the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*." Vol. X. By Thomas De Quincy. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.
5. Article "Goethe," in "*Passing Thoughts*." By James Douglas, Esq., of Cavers. Part I. Edinburgh: T. Constable and Co. 1855.

"GÖTZ VON BERLICHINGEN," "Werther's Sorrows," "Wilhelm Meister," "Hermann and Dorothea," "Faust,"—what a host of recollections, emotions, and impulses does the mention of these names call up! What German youth has not wept over or felt mightily impelled by them; to whom in the Fatherland has the study of these masterpieces of genius not formed an epoch in life? Verily, in many respects, does the youth of Germany differ from that of our own island. Almost cradled in a dream-world, their consciousness of self once awakened, they are brought into immediate contact with what rouses every feeling and fancy. Schiller's generous enthusiasm, his lofty idealism; Klopstock's stately temple-song; Herder's eastern grandeur; Wieland's lively pictures; Lessing's cold reasoning; Jean Paul's telling views of men and matters; Körner's odes of liberty and Germany; Uhland's unique ballads; Rückert's eastern gems; Matthison's "Wehmuth" (deep sorrow),—not to speak of the more modern Heine, Börne, Freiligrath, Grün, &c.; above all, the chief of German poets, Goethe, the bard of nature and of man;—what a host of names! But especially do these two, Schiller and Goethe, who even during their lifetime were too often compared with each other, form the poles of the literary aspirations and sympathies of Germany. We have always felt that it was improper to compare the two poets. Even the remark of Gervinus, that Schiller was the poet of youth and of the gentler sex, Goethe the bard of manhood, seems to us only partially correct. For ourselves, we have to confess that ever since we felt the power of song, Goethe was the poet of our choice, although we well remember astounding a very worthy preceptor by a statement of

this preference. Not that we have failed to appreciate the lofty utterances, the inexpressible modulation and sweetness of Schiller's poetry, but that, so to speak, our soul was tuned to the lyre of Goethe. In truth, the two poets play on different instruments. What attracted us to Schiller was his communication of impulse, stirring the soul to its inmost depths. What draws us to Goethe is the truth and reality of his utterances, whether concerning nature or man. His eagle glance searched the inmost depths and reached the loftiest heights,—the most brilliant light. Concerning nature and man he sang what we all felt to be real and true. Crowds of enthusiastic followers owned him as master, because he deciphered a writing which all had perceived but which none could read. He read it, and they felt it to be true. All Goethe's writings are not only based upon actual occurrences, in which he was a principal actor, but they detail actual experiences. None before or after him could so read in the book of nature or of life. Reality unfolded itself to him; but this, which constituted the merit and charm of his writings, was the stumbling-block and rock of offence in his life. He knew men and commanded them; he was above them, he could not sympathize with them. He occupied an eminence of his own on which none could stand without giddiness. His was the region of *intellect*, of the *objective*, of perceiving reality; his was not the region of real *love*, or of heartfelt sympathy. As magician he stood in the middle of a circle which obeyed his wand—he had little communion with it. He could feel himself part of that great universe whose power he realized, whose peculiar beauties he so clearly discerned. Antiquity with its nature-worship, with its gods, Titans, and monuments of an art which deified nature, had unspeakable charms and attractions for him: he was a German Grecian. But man as he was and lived, he knew too well, and consequently commanded too much, to hold communion with. One thing only could have effected this mighty change: it would have been genuine Christianity. We mean neither the maudlin sentimentalism which, despite its elements of truth and sincerity, was, and is, too often merely a morbid imitation or a degeneracy, nor the bellowing, roaring, look-at-me sectarianism, all inflated and hollow, full of narrowness and hatred, of talk and pretension, but without the light, love, and life of Christ. Had he known *genuine Christianity*—had the love of Christ drawn him upward, instead of what almost appears to us a misanthropy which prevented any sympathy with the highest aspirations of man—religion and liberty, and which even in love kept him only at *passion*, and never led him to genuine sympathy and outgoing of the soul,—how different would all

have become! We have called it *misanthropy* for want of a more suitable expression. A strange word this may appear to some who only remember the "joyous" Goethe, so pleasure-loving and riotous, so stately and polite to all, the director of the theatre, the mad companion of the duke, the gallant, passionate admirer of the beautiful. Yet, withal, these things gave but passing pleasure, he was not happy in them, he sympathized not with them; they held him not; he enjoyed, but he could not love; he knew and commanded, but he could not sympathize; he was kindly, but not a brother; it was nature, its knowledge and worship, but also its loneliness and transitoriness. He was really alone and unsatisfied. All his writings, the chief personages in his dramas and novels (as for example, *Werther* and *Faust*)—all, all are the result of the same experience; his greatness and his misery consisted in this—passion and *misanthropy*, twin sisters, the offspring of his sympathy with nature, his want of sympathy with men; his acquaintance with the natural, and ignorance of the supernatural and spiritual. And thus in the evening of his days he sums up much sad experience in the "*Conversations with Eckermann*." We could cite a number of passages from them, but will confine ourselves to two:—

"I have ever been esteemed," he observed to his friend, "one of Fortune's chief favourites; nor can I complain of the course my life has taken. Yet, truly, there has been nothing but toil and care; and, in my seventy-fifth year, I may say that I never had four weeks' of genuine pleasure. The stone was ever to be rolled up anew. My annals will testify to the truth of what I now say. . . . What really made me happy was my poetic mind and creative power. And how was this disturbed, limited, and hindered by the external circumstances of my condition! . . . A wide-spread celebrity, an elevated position in the world, are good things. But for all my rank and celebrity, I am still obliged to be silent lest I come into collision with the opinions of others. This would be but poor sport if I did not by this means learn the thoughts of others without their being able to scrutinize mine."*

So spake he whom men generally called "Fortune's chief favourite." Or again:—

"It has from olden time been said and repeated that a man should strive to know himself. To this singular requisition, no man either has fully answered or shall fully answer. Man is by sense and custom led outwards into the world, and has a great deal to do that he may know and make use of this. He knows himself only from joy or

* We have quoted "*Eckermann's Conversations*" from the American translation of Fuller.

sorrow, and is only in this way instructed what to seek and what to shun. Man is a darkened being; he knows not whence he comes, nor whither he goes; he knows little of the world and less of himself. I know not myself, and may God protect me from it!"

—How differently would he have spoken and acted had he known the highest and most blessed spiritual realities!

We are not afraid of being vilified while we give utterance to these sentiments. In some respects we feel, indeed, peculiar difficulty in giving our readers a truthful representation of the life of Goethe. We fear to fall into either of the extremes of forgetting the man in the poet, or of taking a low and contracted view of the inner life of such a man. We shall attempt to perform our task as liberally and yet as fearlessly as we can. Even Carlyle's sarcasm (so approvingly quoted by Mr. Lewes, Vol. II. p. 396), who, "while certain pietists were throwing up their eyes, and regretting that so great a genius! so godlike a genius! should not have more purely devoted himself to the service of Christian truth! . . . said, '*Meine Herren*, did you never hear the story of that man who vilified the sun because it would not light his cigar?'"—shall not terrify us. We believe had he reversed the parable, it would have come nearer the truth. We hold that the highest conception of which man is capable is that of *spiritual truth*; the highest act that of devoting his energies to its *realization*. Art and beauty occupy in comparison a position merely secondary; truth and life are the highest realities of man. Grant that the mantle of Grecian art and poetry had fallen upon Goethe; grant that he read from the book of nature and of man lessons so true and yet so sweet as, like Orpheus, to move stones or to draw around him beasts of prey tamed for a time;—what then? Did he transform them, or did he only soothe them? did he elevate and purify, or merely charm and excite his disciples? What has been the ultimate tendency of Grecian art and poetry, of Italian culture and the worship of nature? The great realities which have revolutionized man individually and mankind generally, whence sprang they? The source of highest action, of deepest love, of lasting happiness, of most perfect endurance, where do we find it? What a dreary world would ours be if it were only taught by and modelled after the Grecians and Goethe. We should lose ourselves in a dream-land; each man either pouring forth of the fulness of his uncontrolled nature, or, subject to such influences, carried along the impetuous stream into the vast interminable ocean. What though here and there a patch of ground were temporarily fertilized, what devastation would not such a flood carry with it! The fit

territory of such a stream is solitude, merely natural grandeur, primeval forests decked with their mosses or lichens, overhanging rocks or stern, naked heights. Foot of man scarce penetrates into it,—dwelling of man is not found there. Say not that we understand not the grandeur of Goethe's poetry. We understand it but too well; it calls up all the echoes of our soul, it searches its inmost depths, it rouses every element of unrest, it hurries on the current of our inner man outwards and onwards. Who would not understand at least some of Goethe's strains! His lyre has every chord which is strung in the soul of man; not any is wanting; and to some or other must every musical soul answer.

It is useless, and worse than useless, to deal in recriminations. If some of our friends call us "Philister,"* because we cherish these experiences, we will not retaliate with the same reproach. We know that they will say that we would measure the eternal with our yard-wand, and reduce it to an arithmetical problem according to the rule of three. Were it of any use, or could such assertions be deemed exponents of truth, it would not be difficult to retort upon our accusers. They have seen, admired, and loved one set of features of the beautiful and the true, and they believe in it: so do we. They hate all unreality, untruth, and hypocrisy—they believe in existence: so do we. But it does not follow that these are the only, or even the highest truths and beauties. We believe there is another power, truth, and beauty, and that the highest—the spiritual. Let us not be met with sneers. To sneer is verily to imitate the Philister, who sneers at all his palm cannot hold, his hat does not cover, and his spectacles do not reveal. There is, O Philister! a blue sky, mountains, valleys, stream and wood beyond your horizon, and beyond the range of your expensive telescope. To speak of "Exeter Hall," "up-thrown eyes," and "lighting cigars at the sun," is, after all, but fudge. It says nothing—at least to any purpose. We are willing to bring the matter in dispute to the issue of *principles*, of *experiences*, of *results*: we are not willing to bring it to that of *dicta* or *witticisms*. We are not afraid to compare eternal spiritual truth with art and beauty, the experiences from, and the results of the one, with those of the other. But we must protest against the worship of an idea, or against hero-worship, more dangerous by far than any other, because individuality, not merely action but soul, is so wholly surrendered in it. Nor is it an answer to this to tell us, that happy were it

* *Philister* is a term used in Germany, especially among students, to designate the uninitiated vulgar (*profanum vulgus*) and the coarsely materialistic—the "shop-keeping element."

if men would surrender themselves to the entire influence and power of others, and especially to that of the artistic and the beautiful. We deny it. That such influences have, and *should* have, their province, we have not gainsaid, but we deprecate their paramount influence, the entire surrender of man to them. Ours is the doctrine of liberty, when every man surrenders himself wholly only to his God, and to highest truth. And what were the consequence of hero-worship in such an instance as that of Goethe? Not to speak of the moral enervation which an exclusive culture of art and love of the beautiful, as breathed in his teaching, must produce, his ideas on men's future, so frequently expressed, are, that the *present* with its joys and occupations should wholly engross us, as if it were possible to banish the future, or to limit its influence upon the present. And is not even this negation of the future—at least, as an object of inquiry and consideration—itsself, a theory, and one too fruitful of consequences? “Enjoy the present moment” is verily not a beneficent or a high principle. Although Goethe shrinks from a cold deism, yet to him Christianity is only *one form* of belief—he receives the Gospels on account of their moral excellency—he venerates Jesus Christ, as he venerates the sun, as a beneficent power, but he disbelieves the historic facts of Christianity, and sets value on *faith*, the mere act of believing, no matter what its object. Indeed, if we have rightly understood some of his conversations, as recorded by Eckermann, he seems to give preference to the Mahommedan element of faith, as being more deep and intense. We can readily understand how one who could so lose himself in the objectively sensuous—embody and represent it only, should have no sympathy with the wants of his fellow-men and their aspirations. That he who believed in immortality merely or mainly on the ground of an unwearied activity of soul which gave him the pledge of a hereafter for its exercise, but to whom nature and God were inseparably identified, so that he need not, could not, and would not, think more of Him than the present offered or demanded, should have thought low of man, or failed to understand and sympathize with his wants and aspirations, need not surprise us. “If a man has freedom enough to live healthy and to work at his craft, he has enough; and each man can easily obtain this amount of freedom.” Nowhere, more than in Goethe's writings and life, do we become conscious of the eternal unrest of man—of his longings, wants, and activity, all which, to our mind, point not only outwards but upwards, and are only satisfied by our entering into Christ. Again, do we protest that the tendency which in various quarters manifests itself, not only of hero-worship, but of hero-tyranny, shall not repress our utterance of what we feel to be true and

right. There is ever and again not only a coaxing and persuading, but a boring and abusing of men into worshipping a hero, and all he says and does. We are told that unless we do so, we cannot comprehend him; we are too little and too low for it; his motives become sacred, simply because they are his; his actions are measured according to a different, peculiar, and otherwise unintelligible standard, which for want of a better name, we may designate the "hero-worship standard." Now, it strikes us, there may be as much flunkeyism, narrow-mindedness, and unreality in this, as in the opposite "*Philistery*." The essential character of a life changes not with persons; the essential distinctions of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood, good and evil, remain the same, whoever be the agent. We can indeed, understand the *modus agendi* of different natures, but we cannot allow that mere genius, knowledge of man, sympathy with nature, and love of the beautiful, entitle a man to disregard all other considerations, or to be installed in all his actions, either as perfect or as a model, or even as not blameworthy. Did our space admit of it, we could say much to the contrary. And yet, we write all this with the full consciousness that as every man should be tried by his peers, so the actions of a great man may not be isolated from his previous history—from his whole inner man and experience. The life of Goethe not only explains his writings, but is their embodiment and application; and although certainly not a model, it is at any rate fraught with deepest instruction, especially to such as who, like ourselves, are almost unbounded admirers of his poetry, alternately kept spell-bound and hurried onward by it. In this respect only would we qualify the statement, that his writings, not his life, exhaust all that can be learned of Goethe.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was born on August 28th, 1749, "as the clock sounded the hour of noon in the busy town of Frankfort-on-the-Maine." From his parents he derived many traits of character. His father, Imperial-councillor Goethe, was "a rectangular Frankfort imperial citizen," (for so we would take leave to translate Krause's "*geradliniger Frankfurter Reichsbürger*,") a strange compound of the democratic, the aristocratic, and the imperial; a man very rational and exact, with a good deal of pedantry, method, and calculation. Madame Goethe, or, as she is better known in Germany, Frau Aja, was an impulsive, joyous, vivacious being, full of spirit, sympathy, and excitableness. But we are bound to add (heedless of sneer and abuse), that to our mind, she is wanting in those deeper elements which make men, and especially women, what they should be and what we seek in them. "She was married at seventeen to a man for whom she had no love, and was only eighteen when the

poet was born." Many of her traits as portrayed in her letters, are reproduced in her son. Let the reader judge for himself what were the good and what the evil elements, only we must protest against at least *some* of them being called *charming letters*. "Order and quiet (she writes), are my principal characteristics. Hence, I dispatch at once whatever I have to do, the most disagreeable always first, and I gulph down the devil without looking at him. When all has returned to its proper state, then I defy any one to surpass me in good humour." Or, again, "I am fond of people, and *that* every one feels directly, young and old. I pass without pretension through the world, and that gratifies men. I never *bemoralize* any one, *always seek out the good that is in them, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind and knows how to round off the angles*. In this way I make myself happy and comfortable." And this careless skimming over life merely to catch its passing tints—this treatment of all so as to make oneself merely "happy and comfortable," was, indeed, the ruling tendency, so strong, that "her sunny nature shrank from storms. She stipulated with her servants that they were not to trouble her with afflicting news, except upon some positive necessity for the communication. In 1805, when her son was dangerously ill at Weimar, no one ventured to speak to her on the subject. Not until he had completely recovered did she voluntarily enter on it. 'I knew it all, she remarked, but said nothing. 'Now we can talk about him *without my feeling a stab* every time his name is mentioned.'" A tendency this, which exactly reappeared in the poet. We leave the reader to judge whether in all this multitude of *feelings*, there is much of real *feeling*,—whether it is sentiment or sentimentalism. Mr. Lewes, however, thinks that both Goethe and his mother kept by the *juste milieu*, and he extols the subjection "of the *emotive* to the *intellectual*" in Goethe. We confess that, to our mind, the biographer has not here expressed the whole truth. It was not the *emotive*, but its direction and manifestation which in Goethe was subject to the *intellectual*. He controlled not the storm of passion which uprooted others, but he protected *himself* from its destructive influence. He was not himself impelled by what swept others away. The pleasurable was the grand object, and his intellectuality in its superiority only became an *egotism* which spared not others, but protected *himself*. Regardless was he of the *emotive* where the happiness of others only was concerned; he could rein in the steed when it bore himself to the brink of the precipice. Superiority of the *intellectual* only deserves praise, where it is mastery over the *emotive* generally, in its effects upon others as well as upon ourselves. It is no answer to declare it the destiny and happiness of men to be borne away by *such*

torrents. We emphatically deny it in the name of human individuality and grandeur. Men are not servile instruments. We can sympathize with the depth and intensity of an affection, such as that of Frederika for Goethe, or that which prompted the saying of an Heloise: "*Carius mihi et dignius videretur tua dici meretrix quam illius imperatrix.*" It is womanly; it is the total surrender of a soul. But we can neither approve of it as Christian, nor can we anyway allow that such feelings may be elevated into a system or acted upon by others.

We are by no means among those who would denounce Goethe as *heartless* and *selfish*. His life, but above all his writings, show that he had heart. Every great individuality is more or less egotistic. Self-consciousness leads to a sense of superiority. But, accustomed to allow that torrent of feeling to rush on unchecked, itself constituting the main element of his greatness; at first obliged, by-and-bye choosing to rein it in wherever he deemed it necessary, and the more easily capable of doing so, because the very extensiveness of his feelings rendered them less intense, his imagination and passion being rather roused than his heart reached, he gradually became more and more crystallized. The deep remorse to which occasionally he was subject, proved that he was not at ease, however in his "*Autobiography*" he may try to present matters; but he rapidly outlived what had been merely passion, and then reason reasserted its sway—and it was a strong sway; he could not bear sadness, and he rushed on to repeat his former experience; he lived in the present merely: the thunder storm was rapidly past, and he would not heed that it had destroyed much that had once been lovely and smiling. Great men, let us repeat it, are not necessarily good men. *He* lived true to *nature*, listened to all its impulses,—at any rate as long as they were really *impulses* to him. But the truth of nature is not the *highest* truth, and beyond it, he could not penetrate. We know not whether the reader will apprehend the distinction, and yet we feel there is a difference. Goethe was not *heartless* and *selfish*; he was full of sentiment and feeling, but his acting was generally heartless and selfish: the flame burnt out, and reason asserted its supremacy too late for others, too early for himself. What at night, had seemed to him glowing, enrapturing reality, appeared at the rehearsal in the morning, only coarse, daubed decoration, and the actors were very so-and-so men and women, in their everyday garb, going over their parts. In truth, in the sense in which it applies to Goethe, we almost shrink from the maxim—

"Das wollen alle Herren seyn,
Und Keiner ist Herr von sich!"

It is useless to speculate what Goethe might have been, had Frau Aja been a Caroline Perthes; it is more to the purpose to inquire what he really became. If we cannot for a moment allow a comparison, such as that to which Mr. Lewes sometimes recurs, between Luther and Goethe, we admit that the circumstances of their times, were, in many respects, analogous. Frederick the Great, Voltaire, Rousseau, the French Revolution, Napoleon—what an upheaving of society—what beginnings—what elements at work, inaugurating a fresh revolution of the wheel of time, a new era in the history of man! Amid these throes, appeared the bard of the time, combining the classic and the German. Nurtured amid abundance, if not affluence, he was chiefly indebted for the first impulses of his mind to his mother who cultivated the imagination of the poet-boy by amusing him with stories, which she would break off in the middle, while she stimulated his inventive faculty, by bringing them to the *denouement* which, as she had ascertained, he had excogitated for himself. Wolfgang was a remarkably quick, if not a precocious child. Early, religious doubts began to plague him. He made progress principally in Greek. Only a short time did he spend at school; the rest of his early education was got at home, much of it by the side of his loved and loving sister, Cornelia, the only one of the councillor's children, besides Wolfgang, who had survived. The religious doubts to which we have alluded, seem to have continued their influence on the mind of the young poet. It is matter of intense interest, full of important lessons on the training of inquisitive minds, to become acquainted with his early conflicts. Mr. Lewes and we take, indeed, different views of such subjects. Of course he is at liberty to state, as we are to oppose them. But at the very outset of this subject, we take leave to object to the biographer's plan of diverging into an exposition and defence of his own peculiar views, even where they happen to agree with those of his subject. It is the biographer's duty faithfully to give the experiences of his subject, not to make them the occasion of his own reflections. Thus, in the case in point, when the fearful destruction of Lisbon by an earthquake, excited fresh doubts of the goodness of God in the mind of the religiously ignorant boy, Mr. Lewes gives us his own views, to which we shall the rather object, that our objections at the very outset, indicate the point of difference between us and Goethe's biographer. Whatever "modern culture" may say, the Bible teaches us to take a more solemn view of evil than merely that it is essentially a narrow, finite thing, thrown into the remotest obscurity by any comprehensive view of the infinite; and that any amount of evil amassed together from every quarter, must be held as small compared

with the broad beneficence of nature. But such doubts alternated with more healthy views, and even somewhat peculiar, although by no means quite singular attempts at approaching the Deity : at any rate, we vividly remember enacting the same in our own childhood, such as that of offering a burnt-sacrifice on a small scale. Thus matters continued till 1759, when the French entered Frankfort, and during the two years of their occupation, studies gave place to amusements such as the French theatre. Even at that time, Goethe attempted a play ! After the departure of the French, studies, especially of languages, were resumed, although not very systematically ; and that of Hebrew, coupled of course with reading the Old Testament, awakened fresh doubts in the mind of the ill-directed boy. For a short time, a better influence appeared to be exerted on him. Under the direction of the pious Fräulein von Klettenberg, we find him writing *religious odes*. But in the round of gaieties which had so powerful attractions for him, he became acquainted with a number of young persons, pleasure-loving like himself, but not quite so innocent, as some of the parties were "guilty of nefarious practices, such as forgeries of documents." But, alas ! Gretchen, his centre of attraction among them—his first love—inflicted the most painful of all wounds on boyish vanity. When questioned on the subject, she declared, that all along she had merely treated him as a child. A season of juvenile desperation, such as probably most of us have experienced, during which he threw himself into study, determined to become a professor—the great object of German ambition—was soon followed by a return to the enjoyments which he had lately foresworn.

The year 1765 finds Goethe at the university of Leipsic, a "fast" youth, with abundant command of money, little relishing the dry lectures on jurisprudence to which he must listen. At the rector's table, he meets with medical students, and conceives that love for natural science which never afterwards left him. Frau Böhme polishes his manners and criticizes his verses ; Behrisch, and some other young fellows introduce him to "fast" life. Last, though not least, there is pretty Annchen, the daughter of Schönkopf, the restaurant, with whom he falls in love. The affection is returned ; but the inconstant youth teases the girl with groundless suspicions until at last he fairly wearies and worries her out of her attachment. The poet's first play, the "*Laune des Verliebten*," expresses this relation. At the same time his knowledge of, and power over men gained him even at that early period, the confidence of many who sought his aid and advice. This peep behind the scenes is embodied in another play "*Die Mitschuldigen*" (the Fellow-Sinners), of which the moral sufficiently explains the contents : that in this

world of offenders, it is our duty to "forget and forgive among fellow-sinners." It is in many respects a dark picture of life, which this youth draws, and sad is its moral—that of the necessary toleration of vice. Mr. Lewes's remarks on this subject, oblige us to remind the reader of the distinction between a charity which, in the consciousness of guilt, refuses to throw a stone, but at the same time, seeks to *elevate*, as it were to clothe the naked, and that toleration which accepts sin as a fact, but neither seems to hate it nor to strive against it. To us, it appears strange that *such* toleration should be confounded with Christian charity, or its absence denounced as equally opposed to the facts of life, and the injunctions of Scripture. The favourite heathen maxim of that school, "*qui vitia odit homines odit*," is surely vastly different from that conveyed in our Lord's dealings with the adulteress. Strange, that His parting words to her should be so entirely forgotten in the matter: "Go, and sin no more." Charity without this admonition and endeavour, ceases to be a grace, and degrades itself to mere indulgence. It is on grounds such as these that we emphatically object to Mr. Lewes's strain of remark, and equally so to the tone of Goethe's play. Views like these seem to us, in a moral point of view, extremely dangerous. However, as they are connected with the fundamental ideas of the poet on spiritual subjects, they shall find a place here in the language of his biographer. Let the reader judge of them; we need not, and will not, comment on them.

"His constant striving was to study Nature, so as to see her *directly*, and not through the mists of fancy, or through the distortions of prejudice—to look at men and *into* them—to apprehend things as they were. In his conception of the Universe he could not separate God *from* it, placing Him above it, beyond it, as the philosophers did who represented God whirling the universe round his finger, 'seeing it go.' Such a conception revolted him. He animated the universe with God; he animated fact with Divine life; he saw in Reality the incarnation of the Ideal; he saw in Morality the high and harmonious action of all human tendencies; he saw in Art the highest representation of Life."

Goethe's stay in Leipsic was drawing to a close. By Oeser and Winckelmann, he had been initiated in the study of art, and had learned "that the ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose"—an invaluable lesson, not only to the artist, but also especially to the poet. Illness now overtook and followed him to Frankfurt. On his recovery, Strasburg was selected by his father for the completion of his juridical studies. We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of copying the description of his appearance at that time, in the twentieth year of his age:—

"The features were large and liberally cut, as in the fine, sweeping lines of Greek art. The brow lofty and massive, from beneath which shone large lustrous brown eyes of marvellous beauty, their pupils being of almost unexampled size; the slightly aquiline nose was large and finely cut; the mouth full, with a short arched upper lip, very expressive; the chin and jaw boldly proportioned, and the head resting on a fine muscular neck. . . . In stature, he was rather above the middle size; but although not really tall, he had the aspect of a tall man, and is usually so described, because his presence was very imposing. Excelling in all active sports, he was almost a barometer in sensitiveness to atmospheric influences."

Add to all this the imagination, readiness, sparkling vivacity, and warmth of a Goethe, and it may well be conceived that to the fair sex especially, he was a dangerous acquaintance. But, indeed, his influence over all classes was almost magical. If jurisprudence was not very diligently studied at Strasburg, he continued his medical pursuits, had some self-discipline, and in the celebrated Strasburg Minster, and in the neighbourhood of the Rhine, found materials for his studies in art and nature. At this period he became acquainted with the writings of Giordano Bruno and Spinoza, and felt more and more drawn towards "nature-worship." Among his acquaintances at Strasburg were Herder and Jung Stilling, with both of whom he was on intimate terms, proving how thoroughly he could adapt himself to all parties; perhaps, also, how little he was really at one with any of them. More tender interests were also attracting him. Not to speak of his strange amour with the two daughters of his dancing-master, we have the tragic story of his connexion with Frederika. A friend had introduced him to the pastor of Sesenheim. In one of his mad frolics, Goethe had resolved to make his acquaintance in the disguise of a poor student of theology. The pastor, whose family is represented as resembling that of the Vicar of Wakefield, had several children, of whom the most lovely was Frederika. The romance of the whole story, but especially the natural charms of the simple, innocent country-girl, captivated him. Her attractions were set off by the peculiar national costume—the short, full skirt, the tight boddice, the beautiful braids of fair hair, and the straw hat. Only sixteen, and so charming in conversation and in song! Goethe became speedily enamoured of her. The simple-hearted girl gave her whole soul to him: he became her accepted lover. But when Frederika came to Strasburg, where her national costume appeared in contrast with the fashionable French dresses of other ladies, and where her country simplicity must have been felt as inferiority by any but a noble-hearted lover, the difference of station between them, and the darkened prospects from a marriage looming in

the distance, became more apparent. Her departure, he confesses, was a relief to him. She herself felt that the end of their romance was approaching! It was, indeed, approaching—one more tender visit to Sesenheim to say adieu. The heart-strings of the poor girl were tearing—she was to be left desolate. Soon after, when he quitted Strasburg, the connexion was wholly dissolved; with what feelings, on his part, his own words shall inform us: “Frederika’s answer to the letter in which I had bidden her adieu, tore my heart. I now, for the first time, became aware of her bereavement, and saw no possibility of alleviating it. She was ever in my thoughts; I felt that she was wanting to me; and, worst of all, I could not forgive myself! . . . I was guilty; I had wounded, to its very depths, one of the most beautiful and tender of hearts. . . . I turned more than ever to the open world and to nature; there alone I found comfort. During my walks, I sang to myself strange hymns and dithyrambs. One of these, the ‘Wanderer’s Sturmlied,’ still remains. I remember singing it aloud in an impassioned style, amid a terrific storm. The burden of this poem is that a man of genius must walk resolutely through the storms of life, relying solely on himself.”—“A burden,” adds his biographer, “which seems to give expression to what he then felt respecting his relation to Frederika.” We will not venture an opinion either on Goethe’s state of mind at the time, or of its manifestation; but while *he* was plunging into work and pleasure, poor Frederika had a widowed heart in her lonely dwelling. Many offers did she reject, for as she said, the heart which had loved Goethe had not room for another. We are glad that Mr. Lewes does not attempt to excuse the conduct of the poet—he only attempts to explain it. He remarks that Goethe’s attachment, although real, was not deep enough to warrant him in fulfilling his engagement with Frederika, or at any rate, not strong enough to overcome his “egoism of genius,” which dreaded marriage as the frustration of his career. To present it in the light in which most persons will view it, his other purposes were stronger than his love—in the contest of opposing tendencies, it appeared that he loved himself better than Frederika, or rather his imaginary anxieties and his real want of deep affection prevailed over every other other consideration. We do not blame Goethe for breaking an engagement which he felt he had not love to carry out, although we think *it alone* could have made him truly happy; but we blame him for entering on that engagement, and for the motives which induced him to break it off. The “egoism of genius,” or the “tyranny of ideas,” which absorb and subject every other consideration to the one ruling idea, is the saddest monument of man’s fallen

grandeur. This impetuous rushing onwards—this yielding to every impulse, is essentially selfish and heartless, and in reality, a very cruel and wicked thing, wherever and however it may manifest itself, and cannot in a man of genius appear different from what it would do in any ordinary personage. It is on grounds such as these that we dare not call Goethe the “kindest of men” with Mr. Lewes, nor agree with Mr. de Quincey’s estimate: “His rank and value as a moral being are so plain as to be legible to him who runs. Everybody must feel that his temperament and constitutional tendency was of that happy quality, the animal so nicely balanced with the intellectual, that with any ordinary measure of prosperity he could not be otherwise than a good man. . . . In this estimate of Goethe as a moral being, few people will differ with us, unless it were the religious bigot.” We do not consider ourselves, nor are we commonly considered by others, as “religious bigots,” yet can we as little agree in that sweeping laudation, as we share Mr. de Quincey’s apparently low estimate of the poetic merits of Goethe. But the latter remark by the way. Other circumstances, which we will not at present detail, confirm our view of Goethe’s conduct. Eight years afterwards, he revisited Sesenheim, and was received in the kindest manner; poor Frederika not making “the slightest attempt to rekindle the cinders of love.” And instead of feeling all this with intense pain, he could write to his mistress: “I stayed the night there, and departed at dawn, leaving behind me friendly faces; so that I can now think once more of this corner of the world with comfort, and know that they are at peace with me.” We leave the reader to form his own judgment.

From Strasburg, Goethe returned to Frankfort, a doctor of jurisprudence, with little of law and much of poetry. He had completely forsaken all French literary culture, and imbibed that passionate attachment for Shakspeare which he preserved all his life. A reaction had indeed taken place in Germany. Everything foreign, everything of custom and tradition, was cast off, and young Germany indulged in unlimited nature-worship. Mr. Lewes rightly remarks that “with the young, nature seemed to be a compound of volcanoes and moonlight.” The two extremes of wildness and mawkishness distinguished young Germany, both the result of an entire surrender to mere impulse. Goethe became the poet of that tendency. The two pieces which belong to that period, “Götz von Berlichingen,” and “Werther’s Sorrows,” are the exponents of this twofold manifestation of what is popularly known as the “storm and stress” period. “Götz” is a dramatized picture of the romantic knight-age; interesting as the best monument of a certain literary period, from its intrinsic

merits, its defiance of all traditional rules, and from the characters introduced, all drawn truthfully, although somewhat ideally, because drawn from real life, Goethe himself forming as usual one of the principal *dramatis personæ*.

We next find our poet at Wetzlar, where his disgust for the law is increased by discovering in the "Imperial Court of Appeal for the whole Empire a sort of German chancery." But he found other and more attractive engagements in the family of the steward of the "Teutonic House"—one of the remnants of the ancient order of the Teutonic knighthood, which at that time still possessed property in various parts of Germany. Charlotte Puff—for that is the name of the Wetzlar heroine—was not only an exceedingly attractive, but an equally sensible and well-principled young lady. She was engaged to a young man, at the time Goethe first met her, and was captivated by her. Even when he knew of this relation, he could or would not break the spell which bound him to her. All parties were exceedingly kind to him; Charlotte allowed him to be almost constantly in her house, yet without in the least compromising herself, or encouraging his passion; Kestner, her intended, was not only remarkably free from all jealousy, but would even have ceded his bride, if he had thought it would have made both happy. With Mr. Lewes, we believe this would not have been the case. We agree with him, that "Goethe believed himself to be desperately in love with her, when in truth he was only in love with the indulgence of the emotions she excited." But what is chiefly interesting to us in this dubious relationship is, that it formed the groundwork—although much distorted, specially in his misrepresentation of the character of good Kestner—of "*Werther's Sorrows*:" a book, than which probably none other has at any period excited a more lively sensation among the youthful or the romantic of Europe. But the *facts* of the story are derived from the suicide of a young man in Wetzlar, Jerusalem, who after having cherished an unhappy attachment for the wife of his employer, shot himself—a victim of disappointed love and disappointed ambition. We have already seen how much of Goethe's passion may be set down to real love; as for suicide, although he approved of it in theory, he was not the man to carry it into practice. However, "*Werther's Sorrows*," a work full of poetic sentimentalism—the greatest monument of that extreme of the "storm and stress" period—had an incredible effect on his contemporaries. It will be sufficient, if we say that it formed part of Napoleon's travelling library when on his Egyptian campaign. But Kestner and Lotte—who shortly after Goethe's departure from Wetzlar, were married—felt hurt at this *exposé* and misrepresentation of their characters and relations. From Wetzlar did

Goethe tear himself, under the advice of his friend Merck, whose claims have not been sufficiently acknowledged in Goethe's "Autobiography;" as in general that work, written many years after the events took place, and, we take leave to add, very much with a desire to present his life to the best advantage, instead of being a trustworthy guide, is, as Mr. Lewes rightly expresses it, "almost as much of a stumbling-block as a stepping-stone." On all controverted points it is of very dubious authenticity.

And now, as we have not only to do with Goethe's life, but with it as presented by Mr. Lewes, we shall, for a little forsake our young "literary lion" for his biographer. Goethe is again in Frankfort; he has long forgotten his love for Frederika and Lotte—he is busy flirting, skating, and poetizing. At this moment he adapts the "Memoir of Beaumarchais" to a tragedy,—*"Clavigo."* Mr. Lewes meantime introduces us, in a very able chapter, to German literature generally. He draws a distinction between realism and idealism—between the Grecian and the German element, and ranges the various poets under either of these classes. On the question of the correctness of this distinction we will not enter; but must emphatically protest against the misrepresentations of Christianity which this chapter contains. It is asserted that "the Pagan deified nature, the Christian diabolized nature." Again: "The Greek honoured the body, and aimed at the perfect representation of it, because he deified nature, and strove to approach her as closely as possible. The Christian, on the contrary, despised the body. He looked on nature herself as partaking of the fall, and thereby impure, alien from God." Strange that our author, who guards himself against any possible misunderstanding, by remarking that the realism of the Greeks was not without an admixture of spiritualism, should not have bethought himself of the need of at least a similar *caveat*, when speaking of the church. But, irrespective of the manifest *animus* of such a passage, is it true that the Christian *diabolized* nature, or despised the body? Where can we find more grand and noble views of nature and of man, or more devout acknowledgment of the greatness, goodness, and wisdom of God, than in the Bible;—where a higher honour of the body than in its sanctification and elevation to that high dignity which New Testament admonition and promise assign to it. The truth is, heathenism *deified* nature, and nature only; it honoured the *sensuous*, and drew everything within its range: Christianity elevated everything beyond it. The one drew nature and thought into the sphere of the sensuous; the other elevated nature, the body, and every word and work, by drawing it into the sphere of the super-sensuous. The contest between the

sensuous and the spiritual, as waged between Paganism and Christianity, was not, as Mr. Lewes represents it, one of *extermination*, but one of *subjection*: they contended for the ascendancy, for absolute sway. In the historic development of this point, we must add, whatever its other merits, Mr. Lewes confounds the monk-religion of the Middle Ages with genuine Christianity. We cannot find room to enter any further on this subject.

Mr. Lewes looks forward to a cessation of the antagonism between idealism and realism; but by means, and in a manner which seem to us equally delusive, i.e., if we understand his reasoning. We quote it without any comment of our own:—

“The contemplation of this antagonism,” he writes, “asserting itself through successive reactions, has thrown some minds into scepticism, others into indifference. The ultimate reconciliation of these antagonists will only be possible when philosophy and art shall have acquired a fixed basis.”

In plain language, the meaning of this school of philosophy seems to us, however curiously it may sound—whatever *is*, *should* be; only let it really *be*: being will ultimately attain perfection.

Goethe had now fairly established an almost European reputation, and from all quarters did the *beaux esprits* gather around him. We find him conversing with Klopstock, journeying in strange company with the well-known trim Lavater and the filthy, sneering Basedow, alternately discussing theology and infidelity; now in company with the Stolbergs, who would carry their return to nature so far as to walk naked; then again corresponding with Jacobi on philosophy. Amid these oscillations, and with a disposition such as that of Goethe, we scarcely wonder that at last he adopted the system of Spinoza as most corresponding with his natural disposition. Mr. Lewes indeed thinks that at that time he perceived the truth of that “passage in the ‘Ethics’ [of Spinoza], where that great thinker, anticipating modern psychology, shows ‘that each person judges of things according to the disposition of his brain, or rather accepts the affections of his imagination as real things. . . . Although human bodies are alike in many things, there are more in which they differ; and thus what to one appears good, to another appears evil.’” We know not to what discoveries of modern psychology Mr. Lewes may refer, but this much we do know, that sentiments like these will, by the generality of thoughtful, earnest men, be deemed, intellectually and morally, a sadly retrograde movement, not to say that they are directly opposed to reason and Scripture; and, in fact, render real morality im-

possible. As little can we, with Mr. Lewes, designate the following "a wonderful sentiment," except in a sense very different from that which he attaches to it: "*He who truly loves God must not require God to love him in return.*" This kind of "disinterestedness"—a feeling which we might have desiderated on some other occasions in Goethe's life—is in reality only a mixture of spiritual unconcern and pride, vastly different from either the love which implies a childlike dependence on a loving father, or from heart-humility. Yet there was a profound difference between Spinoza and Goethe. The one worshipped the temple of nature, the other its music; the one was calm, all-equalizing, the other impetuous. Indeed, although such passages from Spinoza may have singularly attracted the poet, and become germs in him, we do not believe that he ever deliberately espoused the system, or subjected himself to its "revolutionizing" influence, as Mr. Lewes hints he himself has done. He rather glided into it. Side by side with such questions, Goethe still entertains a kind of Christianity, although one destitute of the fundamental truths of the Gospel; and he believes in the individuality, personality, and immateriality of the soul. Without any sure anchorage, it was rather the impetus of his life, than calm study and deliberate conviction, which hurried him into Pantheism.

But Goethe is not merely busy philosophizing and writing—as for example, at his Prometheus—at parts of "Faust;" he has time for other engagements. Besides what we may designate as his minor flirtations, he is once again in love, and this time, if we may believe him, in right earnest. If we were to take his "Autobiography" as our guide, or to credit his statements to Eckermann, "She was the first, and I can also add she is the last I truly loved; for all the *inclinations* which have since agitated my heart were superficial and trivial in comparison." And what, we ask, of Frederika and Lotte—not to speak of Gretchen, Annchen, and all the rest? But then, Lili—or Anna Elisabeth Schönmann, which is the full name of his lady-love—was the daughter of one of the richest bankers, besides being a blonde of sixteen, and a coquette with the usual charms! Lili engaged him in a continual round of balls and festivities of every kind. We cannot do otherwise than conclude that he loved Lili no more than any of the others; indeed, to us she seems wanting in many qualities which might have attracted and secured love. When, at last, after a great number of preliminary difficulties, they were actually betrothed, after a very short time, all parties—Goethe himself included—were willing to break off the connexion.

A decisive era in the history of the poet is marked by his

removal to Weimar, where the Grand Duke assembled around him all the celebrities of Germany, and prepared to make of a third-rate capital the Athens of the Fatherland. Goethe was only twenty-six when he first accepted the invitation of Karl August. Soon after he entered his service. The closest friendship, the fullest confidence, marked a relation between them equally honourable to the prince and the poet, and which for many long years, was rather that of intimate companions than of master and servant. Although corrupt at the core, and that to a degree scarcely credible to us, there were many good traits about the court and society of Weimar. Karl August himself, though considerably "animalized," was open, frank, and generous, and what few princes are, really a patron of literature; the Grand Duchess Louise was an admirable woman, who could command even the respect of Napoleon and avert his wrath from her husband, whom he had vowed and "to crush;" the Duke's mother, the Princess Amalia, was a warm-hearted though sensuous personage. Besides a crowd of courtiers, maids of honour, &c., we have "the great men" of the court—Wieland, Musæus, Meyer, Herder, and Goethe; at a later period, Schiller also. Then within very short distance from Weimar, science is represented at Jena by Griesbach, Baumgarten-Crusius, Dantz, Schelling, Fichte, Hegel, Reinhold, Fries, Hufeland, Oken, Döbereiner, Luden, Schultz, &c. Truly no other prince had done more for science and literature than the wild, frolicsome, but warm-hearted Karl August, who had sometimes to sell a diamond ring or an ancestral snuff-box to assist a struggling artist or poet. If, even at present, Weimar is a peculiarly German and retired town, when historic associations have drawn so many to the place where Goethe and Schiller lived, and when railways have rendered communication so easy, the reader may well conceive how it was in 1775. Our alterations have, perhaps, in some respects not always been improvements, and with the rapidity of communication we have as yet chiefly realized only a stimulus to the mercantile tendencies of the age. To our mind this old little German town, watered by the Ilm, overshadowed by a magnificent park, in the immediate vicinity of charming scenery, has something peculiarly attractive. All here is quaint and old-fashioned. The city walls have carefully guarded gates; the variously coloured houses have high-peaked slanting roofs; the streets are rectangular, not lit at night; the seven thousand inhabitants are simple, unpretending, kindly, and desperately "*Philisterish*," a quality of which the modern "bureaucracy" of Germany is at the same time a familiar manifestation and a remnant. Talk of improvements! Why, these things are part and parcel of "*Philisterthum*:" there *must* be a regular passport-

system, an indefinite number of officials who are promoted in regular succession, have long honorary titles, unnumbered systems, very composite words, and very official bows. Why, improvement here would be *contra naturam*, as much as in "a man of the city," or of a sanctioned political or social nuisance. Chaussées and diligences there were not in those days; "a post-office was a chimera;" rooms and furniture all primitive; beds in which you were lost or half smothered; few ornaments were used or worn; but there was most substantial and frequent eating and drinking. Manners were sufficiently rough where primitive simplicity was destitute of primitive purity; the magic "Von" (indicating nobility) was the indispensable passport to certain society and offices. Living was very cheap; £70 for a single man being quite a little fortune. Now if the reader can picture all this to himself, together with a life very "*gemüthlich*" and enjoyable, he will allow that despite the want of railways and telegraphs, Weimar was at the time a delightful, quiet retreat. The first months, and even years, of Goethe's stay there were spent in all manner of dissipation, idleness, and mischief, which a singularly idle and dissipated court life could suggest. Making love to every pretty face, skating by torchlight, and fireworks, masquerades, balls, private theatricals, or for hours "standing in the market-place with the duke, smacking huge sledge whips for a wager—such were the occupations of life." Thus, not only valuable time was spent, but the moral value of the poet daily and permanently deteriorated amid orgies which only issued in unbounded intimacy with the grand duke. To the scandal of all his courtiers, Karl August advanced his friend to the post of privy councillor, and gradually promoted him to the highest offices, soon, however, releasing him from such active duties as the poet felt to be uncongenial. Amid all these dissipations we come upon another love affair. By this time Lili is so thoroughly forgotten, that when Goethe gets a letter informing him that she is betrothed, he records, "I turn round and fall asleep!" The mistress of his heart is no longer a girl of sixteen, but Frau von Stein, the mother of seven children, not "a widow, fat, fair, and forty," but a "Hofdame" (lady of the court) of thirty-three, who apparently lives not on very good terms with her husband. For years did she fascinate him, until, on his return from Italy, after an absence of some time, he found that she was really *getting old*. Of the relation between them, and the many letters which passed, we require not to say anything further than that it indicates the general laxity of morals in Weimar, that nobody found fault either with Goethe or Frau von Stein. From this point we need not pursue the life of

Goethe in detail; with the exception of occasional journeys, it is very uniform. Neither can we enter on a criticism of his various productions. In general, we have rather sought to sketch the *man*—let each study for himself the *poet*.

At the age of thirty came new resolutions. He was in reality sick of his enjoyments; he felt that he had almost wasted half his life, and he resolved to employ all his energies "to raise the pyramid of his existence, the basis of which was already laid." Mr. Lewes variously designates this as "crystallization" and "new birth,"—with what justice or truth we allow the reader to judge. All this talk about what "men of genius go through," the "great mountain ridges rent by fissures filled with molten rock, which fissures, when the lava cools, act like vast supporting ribs," seems to us, in every point of view, singularly unfortunate. In reality, the only change we can discern in Goethe is that of setting certain definite objects before him, and concentrating his energies on their attainment. If the reader can discover anything like a "new birth" in this, he and we surely understand both language and life very differently. In the play "*Iphigenia*," we have the first product of Goethe's new resolves. It no longer presents the remains of the "storm and stress" period, but is a dramatic poem, drawn after the Grecian model, but diverging from that model in the plan of its *denouement*, and so far becoming essentially modern. Written, as most pieces at that time, in prose, it was afterwards put into verse during his journey in Italy. At the same time he continued his studies in natural science, which ultimately led to several distinct scientific assertions, for which he claimed the merit of discoveries. One of them was that of the unity of all parts of the plant; according to which the flower is but a modification of the leaf, and the leaf of the grain. Another was an attempt to controvert the Newtonian theory of colour and light, confessedly on erroneous grounds. A third was that the skull of man was in reality only a modified vertebral column. It will readily be noticed that the first and the third of these statements are in reality modifications and adaptations of the same fundamental idea, that of the *unity* of the products of nature. The leaf theory has been much modified since the discovery of an elementary organ, much more simple and universal than the leaf—the *cell*. The other theory, also, has undergone many changes, and, to our mind seems even at present often exaggerated in its details; at least, we have often failed to recognize the identities pointed out to us. Still, without doubt, most important and grand is the idea which Goethe was the first clearly to enunciate, that concerning a general type in the works of the Lord,—an idea which his pro-

found acquaintance with nature imparted to him. To make it attractive to us, it only requires to be clearly enunciated; one general model in the Creator's mind is just another instance of *design*, and its general execution of infinite wisdom and power. It needed not Mr. Lewes's dark hints about its importance in "the science of life," nor his recommendation of the "*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*," to convince us of all this. Far less can we approve of these methods of introducing and defending opinions, which, we believe, both reason and science have long laid among the dead. However, as latter discoveries have modified the views propounded by Goethe, so earlier investigators disputed his title to the honour of having been the first to lay them before the world. If Wolff had not clearly stated the idea of a type in plants, Oken expressly accuses Goethe of "mendacious vanity" in claiming to have been the first discoverer of the "vertebral" theory. Impartially examining the question in dispute, we are disposed to concur in Mr. Lewes's opinion, and to allow that the accusation of Oken rests on a misunderstanding and that the palm belongs, not to one exclusively, but to both. How far Goethe may have been guided by the statements of Wolff and of Oken is a secondary question; there is abundant evidence that he was acquainted with them, but to him belongs the merit of first correctly and distinctly enunciating them. It is, however, curious to notice how much time Goethe spent on such investigations, and how much greater value he laid on his scientific discoveries than on his poetic productions. Indeed, he claimed fame, not so much on the ground of what he had written as a poet, but on that of his refutation of the Newtonian system! A strange idiosyncrasy this—often recurring in great men, to attach an altogether disproportionate value to some things, and to disregard that which alone really immortalizes them. Thus, also in early life, Goethe seemed determined to devote his best energies to excel as an artist; only in Italy did he become convinced that he possessed not the power and faculties for this. The same may be said of some, at least, of his scientific researches. Even at Rome, he often wholly forgot the glories of its historical associations, to follow out his inquiries about the typical plant, or to attempt perfecting himself in drawing. His Italian journey had long been an object of longing to him. During his stay in that land of art and poetry, he chiefly gathered materials. Except a few detached pieces, he only rewrote or remodelled there what he had formerly composed, such as the "*Tasso*" and "*Egmont*." On his return from Italy, the relation with Madame Stein was dissolved in favour of another with Christiane Vulpius, the daughter of an unhappy victim of drunkenness, and the sister of

one of the "storm and stress" novel-writers. Christiane, although in a very humble station of life, added to outward charms, tolerable cultivation. But especially she was gay, *naïve*, and frank. Soon she became his mistress, and after the birth of a son, Goethe took her into his own house. Her attractions must have been considerable, and the attachment which Goethe expresses for her is of the most passionate character. The poetry in which he declares it—the "Roman Elegies"—is, however, of the most sensuous character. The beauty of these strains cannot by any means be held as excusing their tone. Nor can the plea which Schiller attempted to set up for them for a moment be held valid. The fallacy that a "poet banishes from himself everything which reminds him of an artificial world, that he may restore nature in her primitive simplicity," and "that he is thereby absolved from all laws by which a perverted heart seeks security against itself," must be evident to every one who has read the "Elegies." The same remark applies to what in many respects is a masterpiece—"Wilhelm Meister." Both many scenes in it, and the tendency of the whole novel, will be repudiated by earnest men generally, who will agree with Novalis in characterizing the spirit of the book as "artistic atheism." Nor can we accept the criticism of Mr. Lewes on this subject. We neither like its tone nor its conclusions. There is, we confess it, to our mind, a degree of what we cannot call otherwise than *levity* about it,—altogether, a spirit in which we do not like to see *moral* or religious questions discussed. We can assure the biographer of Goethe that the patronizing, down-looking spirit of his remarks, when they bear on the opinions of the Christian world, are neither appropriate nor telling. Questions of this kind require above all things to be seriously and respectfully treated.

An interesting phase at this period is the relation subsisting between Goethe and Schiller, whom the grand duke's liberality had brought to Weimar. Schiller, who all his life long had to struggle against difficulties, and ultimately fell a victim to them, was exceedingly useful to Goethe in stimulating him to composition, and leading him more away from pure realism, as, on the other hand, Goethe still more beneficially influenced Schiller. During the great war in which Germany was engaged with Napoleon, the grand duke took the national side, and Goethe was prepared to stand by his master in any extremity which might befall him. Happily such were averted; and Goethe, who was received by the conqueror of the world with marked attention, was completely captivated by this condescension. Whatever may be said in favour of Napoleon, and against the sovereigns who opposed him, or in detractation of the Germany for which

the people rose in arms, we cannot admire the man who could look on with unconcern while such scenes were enacting, or who would not feel roused by the great questions which then agitated and stirred to its inmost depths the popular mind. Five days after the battle of Jena, Goethe married Christiane. The later history of Christiane is very sad. She seems to have given way to the vice to which her father and brother had fallen victims. Indeed, the connexion with Christiane had occasioned great scandal, not only in Weimar, but in Germany generally. She died many years before the poet. *His* closing years passed in the midst of a general ovation. From all parts of Germany and from other countries, did crowds of admirers flock around him. His "*Hermann and Dorothea*," and especially that great satire of life, "*Faust*," attracted and dazzled Europe. Let us cast the mantle over his other weaknesses. To the last he was as liable to be captivated by female charms, and to fly from one flower to the other, as he had been in his youth. One after the other his friends had gone to their rest—his parents and sister, the grand duke, Schiller, Herder, his own son, and his wife. Still, his daughter-in-law and some grandchildren were left to him, and serenely did the declining years of his life pass. His last illness overtook him in March, 1832. It was not of long duration. As his end drew near, his thoughts began to wander incoherently. "See," he exclaimed, "the lovely woman's head, with black curls, in splendid colours, a dark background!" His last words were a cry for "*more light!*" What a life, what a death! How impressive a comment does this scene afford; and what a difference between the greatest German poet and the humblest Christian, who cherishes well-grounded hope, and whose end is perfect peace.

If in this article we have spoken less of Goethe's poetry than of his life, it is not—we repeat it—that we are insensible to its peculiar charms. Such works especially as "*Faust*" (notwithstanding all its difficulties), "*Hermann and Dorothea*," &c., must encircle his brow with never-fading laurels—his characters and descriptions are all taken from reality; there is such richness, softness, and truth about them; views so deep and broad, and poetry so majestic and lofty, as cannot be studied without profound admiration and even profit. Despite sneers, we might almost feel tempted to apply to him the words of Wordsworth concerning Burns:—

" Oh ! had he never stooped to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice ;
How had devotion loved to name
That bird of paradise !"

In conclusion, it only remains to say something of the respective merits of the books of which we have put the names at the head of this article. To Goethe's "Autobiography" and the "Conversations with Eckermann," we have frequently referred, and the names of the books sufficiently indicate their contents. Mr. Douglas's, of Cavers, article on Goethe, in the "Passing Thoughts," contains many striking remarks; but is of too fragmentary a character to be considered a satisfactory sketch of his writings. De Quincey's article in the "Encyclopedia Britannica" is, like all De Quincey's productions, sparkling, and furnishes an excellent sketch, especially of the earlier part of Goethe's life. But Lewes's "Life and Works of Goethe" will always remain the standard book on the subject; and that not only when compared with English but also with German biographers of the poet. Its style is lively and fascinating; it contains accurate, full, well-selected information, philosophical criticism, and it is written with manifest enthusiasm, and less of hero-worship than could have been expected when the subject was Goethe, and the fundamental views are so much in accordance with those of the biographer as in this case. The book, indeed, possesses sterling merits. We say this the more emphatically, as we have frequently had occasion to object to some of the leading sentiments on religious and philosophical questions, and in general, to the tone which our author adopts on such questions.

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- ART. III.—*The Lost Solar System of the Ancients Discovered.* By John Wilson. In Two Volumes. London: Longmans. 1856.
2. *Analytical View of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia.* By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S., and E. J. Routh, B.A. Pp. 442. London: Longmans. 1856.

THE paramount importance of scientific research is daily becoming more and more apparent. Consequently, too great stress cannot be laid on the imperative necessity for each one of us to make himself acquainted—not conversant—with the practical bearings of every fresh result arrived at by such investigations. To the theologian, science affords a confirmatory proof of the basis of his belief in one God the creator of all things, and testifies in the most positive manner to the authenticity and genuineness of Divine revelation. Newton himself regards this as the very highest end of the truths discovered by his patient and minute examination of the laws which govern the universe; and the worthiest encomium that can be passed

on that great philosopher is, that he employed his faculties to demonstrate not only the principles by which the system of worlds composing the universe is upheld, but also the agreement between natural and revealed religion. Commercial men must feel that they are dependent on science for the means of improving as well as carrying on the machinery by which they are enabled either to manufacture raw material into elegant fabric, or to transport their productions by sea or by land. To science and her devotees we owe the loom, the printing-press, the steam-engine, and, indeed, numberless mechanical appliances. From scientific men we have learnt how to make gas to light our streets and houses, and, moreover, how to protect the mining population from dire catastrophes resulting on the explosion of "choke-damp." Do we not, metaphorically speaking, snatch fire from heaven, and, by the adoption of the simplest contrivance, deprive lightning of all its terrors? And, indeed, are we not able to convey our thoughts over land and under water with almost the speed of thought? But for chemistry, even now, we might be on the eve of wasting the valuable sewage of our towns, which, our Liebig's and our Taylors have taught us, will cause the land to yield increased supplies for its ever-increasing population. Science is always pregnant with facts of practical and everyday-life importance; and he acts most unwisely who neglects any one of her teeming instructions.

We are not, however, about to consider the sciences generally. We confine our attention to the mathematical branch, and propose further to reduce our subject by investigating but one portion of it. Nevertheless, we may *en passant* remark, that, as a study, no one subject can compare with the Mathematics, for inducing habits of order and reflection, for forming accurate and astute reasoners, and for preparing the mind to grapple with all questions that may afterwards be presented to it. We shall endeavour to give some interesting and useful information in a popular form, studiously avoiding any approach to symbolical calculations or mathematical language.

Science, we have shown, is applied to practical undertakings. We must now reverse the process, and endeavour to trace from the monuments of antiquity the state of science among the ancients. History furnishes us with many statements of their having attained to no slight advancement in civilization; but we have to deplore the non-existence of any intelligible written records of the progress they had made in knowledge. As a rule, intelligence was to be found only among the priests. The people were superstitious, and regarded with reverential awe an amount of knowledge which we should consider as very ordinary information. In the absence, then, of written works, the prin-

ciples of science were handed down by tradition from one generation to another. Consequently, in the lapse of time, all that had been acquired was lost. Nothing, at least, remained, save the imperishable monuments made of stone carefully preserved from decay. From such spare material it is no easy task to form a system, to unthread the labyrinthine passage of centuries through which we have come, and to force our way into the inmost recesses of dead men's minds. Such, however, is the power of truth, that from the pyramids and tecalli of old, Mr. Wilson thinks himself able to form a probable conjecture that the laws of gravitation which Newton is said to have discovered by the falling of an apple, were not till then unknown, but that, having been eclipsed by the black ignorance of the dark ages, they were again brought to light by the gigantic powers of mind which Sir Isaac possessed, and *employed*. Kepler's laws, which embody the principles of astronomy in a few simple words, are to the effect, first, that the planets move in ellipses round the sun in one focus; secondly, that lines drawn to the sun from them, describe areas proportional to the times of their revolution; and thirdly, that the squares of the times vary as the cubes of the distances. The last of these principles requires to be modified, as it has more lately been demonstrated, that the law holds only if the mutual actions of the planets on each other are neglected, which, in the case of the earth and of others, produces a sensible effect. Without entering minutely into an examination of the monuments of antiquity, which, as Mr. Wilson supposes with some degree of probability, were erected to embody the laws of nature and the results of astronomical observations, it would be difficult to convey an adequate notion of the reasoning on which he founds such conclusions. As one instance among many, we may observe that he thinks he detects in the structures of the temples at Palmyra and Edfou a proportional relation to the elements of the orbit of the planet Neptune; and, as another, that he fancies he discovers in these ruins a trace of a planet, to us still unknown, and yet more remote from the sun. The calculations by which Mr. Wilson arrives at some of his conjectural conclusions, should not, without due caution, be accepted; for we notice, that as a rule the lengths of the sides of these antiquities are made to agree with the distances of the planets, only by the introduction of different arbitrary multipliers. Now, unless these be chosen on a fixed and intelligible plan, there is, in fact, no reason why those same lengths might not represent anything, from a cow's tail to the distance of the moon. On similar grounds we reject those of Mr. Wilson's results which go to establish the theory that the first of Kepler's laws was known to the ancients; for it is evident, that, if twice the

side of a cube represents the least diameter of a planetary orbit, and four times the side the greatest diameter, then three times the side must represent the mean diameter. If, therefore, Mr. Wilson is unable to explain his reasons for preferring the supposed multipliers 2, 3, 4, to any others, his theory that the elliptical orbits of the planets were recognized by the ancients, falls to the ground; and we must observe, that no notice whatever is taken by him of this most important consideration. The circumstance, however, that such results can be arrived at by any means, is, to say the least of it, curious; and, when this is effected, not simply in one or two cases, but in all the numerous instances adduced, a high degree of probability is given to facts meant thereby to be established. The closest approximation between the supposed system of the ancients and the system of modern days, is traced in the first of Kepler's three laws; for we find but slight and imperfect indications that the periodic times of any of the planets were known to the fathers of science; and therefore we may conclude that they were equally ignorant of the relations between time, area, and distance, which are embodied in the other two.

It is, *primâ facie*, more satisfactory to turn from these laws to the simpler law of gravitation, which, indeed, on the clearest evidence, as, at least, Mr. Wilson contends, is found to be engraven, as it were, in the obelisks and pyramids. No effect can be produced without a cause; and it is apparent, that a body set in motion would continue to move in a straight line, unless some other force than that which originally impelled it, caused it to deflect from the right line. This principle interprets the phenomenon, that a ball thrown by the hand describes a curved line, and ultimately returns to the earth. The power which causes this deflection from the straight line, is called *gravity*. The obelisk, —sometimes called “the finger of God,” which is made of one block of durable stone, figurative of the eternity of the laws of gravity and of the unity of God, —represents the laws of motion when a body falls near the earth's surface; for the distances described are proportional to the squares of the times elapsed during the descent, and the abscissæ of the axis of an obelisk vary as the squares of the corresponding ordinates: “Pliny, speaking of two large obelisks in his time, one of which stood in the Campus Martius, and the other in the Circus Maximus, the latter being the Lateran obelisk, says, ‘The inscriptions on them contain the interpretation of the laws of nature, the results of the philosophy of the Egyptians.’” But the obelisk, without any inscription, affords, it is contended, the same information. The pyramidal and hyperbolic temples represent the laws of gravitation when a body is sup-

posed to fall from a planetary distance to the centre of force; for the attractive force varies inversely as the square of the distance, and the same relation subsists between the elements of the structures. The Burman solid hyperbolic temples are, for instance, symbolical of the law of the velocity of a body gravitating to the centre of force; while the Egyptian pyramidal temples are typical of the time corresponding to that velocity; the pyramid represents the variation of the time, the pagoda that of the velocity. The one is reciprocal of the other; and both are symbols of the laws of gravity. The obelisk, the pyramid, the pagoda, and the hyperbolic solid, have, then, each a distinct meaning. They are "temples, around which the race who erected them, before history commenced, knelt and looked through nature up to nature's God. The Sabæans worshipped these symbols of the laws of gravitation, which govern the glorious orb of day, the planetary and astral systems, the grandest and most sublime of the visible works of the Creator. The knowledge of these laws, and of the magnitude, distance, and motion of the heavenly bodies, inspired man with the most exalted feelings of reverence towards the Great First Cause." In Abyssinia are found pyramids, pitched upon their points, with their base uppermost; and, as it is improbable that they could have been so formed in the beginning, may they not, asks Mr. Wilson, "have been formed by the ancients to represent the law of the time of a body falling from the heaven to the earth?" To the antiquary, the question of most interest is, at what period, or in what country, the *first* pyramid was constructed as a monument of the science of astronomy, dedicated as a temple to religion, or as a mausoleum for a king? And, as a clue to the solution of this mystery, it may be remarked, that the Babylonian standard of measurement has evidently been used in the construction of almost all these buildings.

"The adoption of the Babylonian standard, based on a knowledge of the Earth's circumference, to the monumental records of science, proves that the Druids of Britain, the Persian Magi, the Brahmins of India, the Chaldees of Babylonia, the Egyptian hierarchy, the priests of Mexico and Peru, were all acquainted, as Caesar says of the Druids, with the form and magnitude of the earth; or, as Pomponius Mela states, with the form and magnitude of the earth, and motion of the stars.

"Hence it is evident that the world had been circumnavigated at an unknown epoch, and colonies formed in the old and new world, all making use of the same standard in the construction of their religious monuments. So the Babylonian or Sabæan standard may be said to have been universal."

Here we must pause to examine the result arrived at by Mr.

Wilson; and, lest it should be supposed that, in the preceding observations, we have misrepresented his conclusions, we retrace our steps and proceed to show, that, by the method of construction he gives of an obelisk, that erection is neither more nor less than a solid generated by the revolution of a parabola round its axis. "If," says he, "at the end of the descent a straight line be drawn perpendicular to the axis, and made equal to the square root of the axis, this line will be an ordinate, and equal the square root of the axis." The self-evident proposition contained in the latter clause of this construction, it is needless to draw attention to; for, as the ordinate has been made equal to the square root of the axis, it must necessarily remain so. Mr. Wilson then goes on to say, "Since the ordinate varies as the square root of the axis, and time varies as the square root of the distance, the ordinate will represent the variation of the time of descent, and the axis that of the distance described. . . . Thus any number of ordinates may be drawn, and each made equal to the square root of the axis. When the extremities of these ordinates are joined by straight lines, the area included by these lines, the axis, and the last ordinate, will be an obeliscal area." Now, first of all, the ordinate which is by construction equal to, is immediately afterwards said to vary as, the square root of the axis; and then, the fact that the time of descent of a body subject to the force of gravity varies as the square root of the distance described, is ingeniously taken to be precisely the same variation; viz., one of equality (if we may be allowed such an expression). Whereas, the formula which represents the relation between the force, the time, and the distance, is

$$s = \frac{1}{2} f. t^2,$$

and f , the accelerating force of gravity, is nearly equal to 32.2 feet. Observe, then, that y , the ordinate, is made equal to the square root of x , the axis; or,

$$x = y^2$$

and, as above,

$$\begin{aligned} s &= \frac{1}{2} f. t^2 \\ &= \frac{1}{2} \times 32.2 \times t^2 \end{aligned}$$

which is clearly not the same relation. Then, in the second place, we may remark, that the figure, as constructed, would be a parabola; for the equation to a parabola is $y^2 = 4mx$, where m represents the focal distance. If, then, we give a particular value to m , and let it equal $\frac{1}{4}$, we obtain $y^2 = x$, the same relation between the ordinate and abscissæ as in the construction of the obelisk given by Mr. Wilson.

As curious interpretations of symbols, we may instance that the parabolic curved lines, in which the hair of the head is not unfrequently arranged in the most ancient marbles, is supposed

by Mr. Wilson to be symbolical of infinity, or of the path of a comet, or indeed of a comet itself, or *stella erinita*. And the impression of Buddha's foot, which is similar in shape, by the addition of circular orbs placed round the focus (the sun), represents both the cometary and the planetary systems. The assumed accuracy of these representations is the only guide we possess for their examination; and it is highly probable, that these marks were never intended to typify the laws of nature, but only to express, as in modern sculpture, the correct likeness of human beings. But, even allowing that the sculptures in question admit of a symbolical interpretation, the supposition proves beyond all doubt, that the ancients were unacquainted with the laws which regulate the universe.

Although we are disposed to dispute the averments of Mr. Wilson, whether as regards one race of men or another, so far, at least, as the scientific value of his evidence is concerned (for it matters nought whether the Sabæans regarded their pyramidal and hyperbolic temples, or their obelisks, as symbols of divinity or not, so long as these monuments do not embody, in geometrical forms, the laws by which the celestial bodies are governed), we cannot but marvel at the wonderful development of practical mechanics, by which these structures were raised, some in one huge, but, at the same time, beautifully chiselled block of stone, from the quarries, and conveyed to their ultimate destination. Indeed, in many other respects, the most ancient works of art equal, if not surpass, our own. Our Crystal Palace, for example, may be contrasted with the solid glass obelisk which stood, according to Pliny, in the temple of Jupiter Ammon; with the porcelain pagoda at Nankin, or with "a cast-iron pagoda still standing, and said to be 1700 years old." The bell for the clock-tower of Westminster Palace, finds its parallel in that at Mengoon, near Ava, which is twenty inches thick, twenty feet high, and thirteen feet six inches in diameter, and has been computed to weigh upwards of 500,000 lbs. Vast engineering difficulties too, must, it is clear, have been overcome. We find, for instance, a record of a subterranean passage beneath an artificial canal, with which the palace of a Javanese chief was surrounded. The Lake of Zumpango, in Mexico, also, was drained, first by a tunnel 20,000 feet in length, and ultimately by an enormous canal; and, while there is abundant evidence that the ancients dug canals or bored tunnels, the Toltecs in Central America have left traces of viaducts and bridges, made rudely to be sure, but nevertheless made. Originally, most probably, arches were constructed without a key-stone; as in several Egyptian edifices, where large bricks were placed horizontally, so that the upper course passed beyond the lower.

Indeed, as civilization advanced, perfect arches were thrown over without any framework to support them, the process being as follows: "A brick, presenting its broad surface to view, is placed with its edge on the buttress, where is to commence the spring of the arch; another is made to adhere to it by means of a very strong cement, made of gypsum peculiar to the vicinity of Tunis, which instantly hardens: on this brick is placed another in the same manner, and thus they proceed until the arch is complete." The most finished and remarkable method of constructing an arch is to be found in some of the Chinese ruins, where the stones of the arch are wedge-shaped, their sides forming radii which converge to the centre of the curve. What, then, has been our advance in the arts of civilization? The art of printing alone seems to be a discovery of the modern time; for, according to Mr. Wilson's researches, almost all other discoveries have been preceded in their respective paths. From what hidden recesses this diligent compiler has raked up some of his facts, we neither know nor care; for on what principle should conclusions be drawn from such a hearsay anecdote as the following?—

"A remark on this subject was once made to us by a Hindoo, which is so curious that we here record it: 'The Hindoos, who watch and reflect on the proceedings and achievements of you Europeans, say that all your actions resemble those attributed in our *Poorans*, or religious poems, to giants and demons. Thus, it is said in the *Ramayun* that Rawun had taken several of the gods prisoners, and made them his household servants. The god Agni (fire) was his cook, and dressed his food; the god Wayoo (wind) was his housemaid, and swept his chamber; the god Waroonu (water) was his gardener, and watered his trees; and so with the rest. You, too, have mastered and imprisoned these elements, and made them serve you. The wind works your ships; the ether (gas) lights your houses; you have harnessed the fire and water to your carriages and your steamers; they work in your mills, and coin your money.'"

In passing from the consideration of ancient science (the most *systematic* account of which is to be found in the sacred books of the Burmans, wherein the universe is said to be composed of an infinite number of systems that touch each other at the circumference, the angular spaces between them being supposed to be filled with cold water) to modern science, it will not be out of place to institute a comparison between the two works before us, which unfold these distinct subjects. And we may premise that the chief difference between the treatises is to be attributed to the different education of their authors. The "Lost Solar System" forcibly reminds one of the contents of the portfolio of a literary man; and no fairer conception can

be given of that work, than by describing it as containing all the scraps of antiquarian and modern statistical information with which the author, or compiler, has met in an evidently long course of reading, arranged in the order in which they were originally found (that is, in no order at all), and interspersed with numerical calculations which, as intended for proofs, would disgrace the "wooden spoon" of any year, in the university of Cambridge. Setting aside, for the moment, the question whether Mr. Wilson has or has not discovered "the lost solar system of the ancients," this curious *omnium gatherum* abounds with instances of scraps of intelligence over and over again repeated. We must avow that we have failed to perceive his intention in introducing such facts as the following into a work confessedly treating of ancient times: the dimensions of Southwark Bridge, of the Himalaya, of the Gipsy Queen, and of the newly arrived Chinese junk; for, be it remarked, that these *petits morceaux* are lugged in by the shoulders, and thrust into unconnected paragraphs—*rudis indigestaque moles*—neither assisting in the demonstration, nor set in comparison with other statistics. In justice to Mr. Wilson, nevertheless, we will allow, that, had the matter he has collected with all the assiduity of a *chiffonnier*, been arranged with the method of those gatherers of refuse, much of it would have been valuable to students of antiquities. Nay, more; we honestly believe, that, with a little more pains-taking, even his demonstrations might have been made, we do not say conclusive and convincing, but clear and intelligible.

On the other hand, we have the ability and experience of Lord Brougham, assisted by the freshness of Mr. Routh, engaged in the production of a connected history of Newton's "Principia," and in exhibiting the direct relation in which any one of its books stands to the others. It would be well, by-the-bye, if the whole fifty or sixty separate subjects of mathematical study, were similarly dealt with by equally masterly hands. His Lordship never has to confess, as has Mr. Wilson on several occasions, that he has not had access to the proper fountains of intelligence. No; on the contrary, the noble philosopher is quite *au fait* on the subject of which he treats. His familiarity discovers itself in the ease with which all the historical information is introduced; while the expertness of his coadjutor is not less visible in those parts of the volume which are devoted to the more recent improvements in analytical methods—without a thorough knowledge of which, Mr. Routh could never have attained his exalted position in the university. There is no longer any doubt, that the course of training which students undergo in the older universities, is best adapted to produce able and well-read men. The almost deadly strife for place

(for we remember to have heard of a man whose life was positively endangered by the jealous ambition of his rival for the position of senior wrangler) tends more than aught else to excite that spirit of emulation which, in fact, is causing the honour-examination at Cambridge to become yearly more searching; and the undergraduates themselves, at Oxford as well as at Cambridge, spare no pains or expense to gain the highest distinctions which those universities can bestow. Without stopping to canvass the merits of different systems, we gladly acknowledge that the University of London, in its bold endeavour to combine the advantages of a polite education with proficiency in learned subjects, has been rewarded with a very encouraging degree of success. It is at these seminaries that the boy becomes the man, acquiring habits of self-reliance, and, at the same time, of humility: for while, on the one hand, he must fight his own way, he quickly discovers, on the other hand, that he has many equals and several superiors. To the aspirant senior wrangler, "the analytical view of Newton's *Principia*" will be of incalculable worth. It well deserves to be received as a companion text-book to the treatises which are now read in preference even to some portions of Sir Isaac's great work. It will be found to throw considerable light on the chain of reasoning by which the primal truths of modern astronomical science were established. We can give but a brief sketch of the manner in which the masterpiece of the great philosopher is exhibited by the noble commentator and his distinguished *collaborateur*.

Newton's "*Principia*" commences with the theory of limiting ratios, and geometrically represents the analysis of the differential calculus. Leibnitz conceived the generation of quantities to proceed by the constant addition of one indefinitely small quantity to another; Newton, by the motion of others. In the first, the *difference* is arrived at, when, in the limit, the one quantity equals the other; in the second, the *fluxion* is found when one line moves up to another, and ultimately coincides with it. The authors of the "*Analytical View*" observe:—

"The first book treats of the motion of bodies without regard to the resistance of the medium that fills the space in which they move; and it is principally devoted to the consideration of motions in orbits determined by centripetal forces, and to examining the attraction of bodies. The second book treats of the resistance of fluids, chiefly as affecting the motion of bodies that move in them. The third book contains the application of the principle thus established, to the motions, attractions, and figures of the heavenly bodies."

It is at once evident what immense assistance is derived from

such a passage as the preceding. In the simplest style, and in the fewest possible words, the reader is put in possession of the exact connexion between the three books; and the student can thus appreciate before-hand the importance of the course he is commencing. The fundamental proposition is, that, if a body be acted upon by a centripetal force, the line drawn from the body to the centre of force, describes plane areas which are always proportional to the times of the body's motion, and conversely. The application of this proposition and of its subsequent corollaries to the motion of the heavenly bodies, is readily made. By Kepler's laws we learn, that the planetary orbits are ellipses; that they describe round the sun in one focus areas proportional to the times; and that the squares of the periodic times are as the cubes of the mean distances. Newton shows that these bodies are retained in their paths by a force varying inversely as the squares of the distance. This directly leads to the subject of gravitation; and it is demonstrated that the moon's motion is consequent on gravity only, although the proportion of the centripetal force which keeps her in her orbit, is not exactly in the inverse ratio of the square of the distance. Hence, the great discovery of the law which governs the universe is unfolded in the very commencement of the "Principia."

We have here assumed that Kepler's laws are established. This, however, Newton goes on to show, treating at great length of the sections of the cone which, by his subsequent propositions, are seen to be the most important of all curves. The motion of a body acted on by a centripetal force which varies as the distance, is proved to be in an ellipse; and, if this law of force held good between the planets and the sun, as it does between the centre and the surface of each planet, the whole number of planets would revolve in equal periods round the sun. Let the law of force be changed, and vary inversely as the square of the distance; and the body will describe an ellipse round the centre of force, which will now be in the focus. This is the law which pervades the universe. As an immediate corollary to the preceding, it follows that no curves but conic sections can be described by bodies acted upon by a centripetal force varying inversely as the squares of the distance. This, indeed, may be considered as the establishment of Kepler's first law; and, by similar processes, the other two are confirmed.

Proceeding onwards, we are initiated, in the fifth and sixth sections of the first book, into the practical utility of astronomical observations; for the geometrical propositions therein contained, are designed to show how to construct the orbit of which we have obtained the elements, or in which, at least, we have obtained three points. Indeed, as Lord Brougham re-

marks, "The intimate connexion between the purely geometrical parts of the 'Principia,'—the fifth and sixth sections of the first book,—and the most sublime inquiries into the motions of the heavenly bodies; those motions, too, which are the most rapid, and performed in space the most prodigious,—may suffice to show the student, how well worthy these mathematical investigations are of being minutely followed." Now that we know the orbits, the object is, to find the position of the body at a given time; and this is the next point treated by the philosopher. At this stage there intervenes a merely mathematical investigation, which is of no practical utility. The law of force is made general, instead of particular as in the preceding; and, consequently, the curves described are no longer limited to sections of the cone. Then, again, returning to problems of practical importance, the investigator considers the effect of a force besides the centripetal force, being applied laterally; and this, we learn, produces a variation in the axis of the orbit. The axis of the earth's orbit thus revolves in a period of about 109,060 years; but Sir Isaac regarded this as indicating a deviation from the law of the inverse square of the distance so very minute as not to alter sensibly the form and position of the orbits thence resulting. The motion of bodies along given surfaces, not in planes, passing through the centre of force, or, in other words, eccentric (i. e., capricious) motion, comes next; and thus, step by step, we are conducted to the consideration of complex motion. The path described by two bodies mutually attracting each other, will be the same as if, instead of their acting on one another, some third body, placed in their centre of gravity, acted upon each of them with the same force with which they act each on the other. And, if a third body be introduced, as in the case of the Sun, Earth, and Moon, neither of the two latter bodies describes an ellipse round the Sun; but they revolve round each other and round their centre of gravity, that centre itself describing an elliptical line. All these conclusions require slight corrections or adjustments, consequent on the disturbances exerted on each planet by the rest; and to the consideration of these Sir Isaac now applies himself. The motion of the Earth's orbit, we have seen, takes about 109,060 years to complete a revolution. So the eccentricity of the Earth's orbit has been slowly decreasing, and will continue to decrease down to a certain limit, from which it will then begin to increase. We may here introduce a noteworthy inference from Newton's proposition on the attraction of a hollow sphere, which exhibits great power of mind on the part of the writers:—

“We may here stop to observe upon a remarkable inference which may be drawn from this theorem. Suppose, that in the centre of any planet, as of the Earth, there is a large vacant spherical space, or that the globe is a hollow sphere; if any particle or mass of matter is at any moment of time in any point of this hollow sphere, it must, as far as the globe is concerned, remain for ever at rest there, and suffer no attraction from the globe itself. Then the force of any other heavenly body, as the Moon, will attract it, and so will the force of the Sun. Suppose these two bodies in opposition, it will be drawn to the side of the Sun with a force equal to the difference of their attractions, and this force will vary the relative position (configuration) of the three bodies; but from the greater attraction of the Sun, the particle, or body, will always be on the side of the hollow globe next to the Sun. Now, the Earth's attraction will exert no influence over the internal body, even when in contact with the internal surface of the hollow sphere; for the theorem which we have just demonstrated is quite general, and applies to particles wherever situated within the sphere. Therefore, although the Earth moves round its axis, the body will always continue moving so as to shift its place every instant and retain its position towards the Sun. In like manner, if any quantity of moveable particles thrown off, for example, by the rotating motion of the Earth, are in the hollow, they will not be attracted by the Earth, but only towards the Sun; and will all accumulate towards the side of the hollow sphere next the Sun. So of any fluid, whether water or melted matter, in the hollow, provided it do not wholly fill up the space, the whole of it will be accumulated towards the Sun. Suppose it only enough to fill half the hollow space, it will all be accumulated on one side, and that side the one next the Sun; consequently, the axis of rotation will be changed, and will not pass through the centre or even near it, and will constantly be altering its position. Hence, we may be assured that there is no such hollow in the globe filled with melted matter, or any hollow at all, inasmuch as there could no hollow exist without such accumulations, in consequence of particles of the internal spherical surface being constantly thrown off by the rotating motion of the Earth.”

The subjects treated of in the second book of the “*Principia*,” are confessedly not of so great importance as those which have been reviewed; and we feel the less compunction in passing by it, because, on the whole, it is not considered so satisfactory as the first book; and the recent improvements in analysis, which the present authors have introduced into the corresponding portion of their volume, would be of little interest to the general reader. It needs scarcely to be remarked, that we do not say this in depreciation of Sir Isaac: far from it. All the advances made by his successors are but the consequences of his original discoveries, and a continuation of inquiries which he began, and which, perhaps, could not have

been prosecuted without him. The subjects of which he treated were, at all events, entirely new. Curvilinear motion and the laws of attraction were altogether unknown, or, at least, unexplored; and yet, even with the aid of modern improvements, subsequent investigations have been obliged to accept his fraction $\frac{1}{230}$ as the most accurate ascertainable value of the ellipticity of the Earth's figure. And, although the science of Mathematics was not far enough advanced in his day to enable him to investigate completely the motion of sound, yet, in a wonderful manner, he solved to a certain degree the simpler case of the motion of air in a tube. By the aid, however, of a most elaborate and refined analysis, mathematicians are now making rapid strides towards gaining the mastery over questions and difficulties which were then supposed to be impossible of solution. How neat, for instance, is the symbolization introduced by Mr. Salmon in his Conic Sections! And again, how elegant the manipulation of differential equations by the separation of the symbol from the function! These are novelties of to-day: but they have one disadvantage, to which Geometry can never be exposed. Analysis is simply an abstraction; Geometry is a figured idea, and, as such, is better adapted to the ordinary human capacity, unable, for the most part, to interpret the meaning of an analytical expression, unless of the simplest possible nature. It is easy enough to use the tools, and to solve mathematical problems which require only an analytical result; but where an interpretation is necessary, few attempt it; and, what is more, the senate-house examination rarely demands it.

The world is not governed by chance, but is regulated by fixed and unalterable laws: yet, many events of ordinary occurrence are not regarded as resulting from any law. Rain, snow, and hail, wind, thunder, and lightning, are so common that we almost disregard them. As to either storms, or even seasons, the laws have not hitherto been discovered which regulate, and must regulate, their approach and succession. Here, indeed, is a wide field for future observation. These atmospheric changes may be dependent on certain relative positions of the heavenly bodies, and may hereafter come to be predicted with as great confidence as an eclipse of the sun or the occultation of a fixed star.

ART. IV.—*Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, in the year 1842, and to Oregon and North California in the years 1843-44.* By Brevet-Captain J. C. Fremont. Printed by order of the Senate of the United States. Washington. 1845.

2. *Notes of Travel in California, including the Arkansas, Del Norte and Gila Rivers.* From the Official Reports of Captain Fremont and Major Emory. New York. 1849.

3. *Die Vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika und deren Territorien.* Von Karl Weichardt. Leipsic. 1848.

4. *Life, Explorations, and Public Services of John Charles Fremont.* Boston. 1856.

THE struggle now going on in the United States would seem to indicate that an important change is coming over the American mind. The Presidential election there offers a truly novel spectacle. For many years past, we have been accustomed to see the elections to the highest dignity of the Union carried on in the worn-out tracks of antiquated party-feeling. Now, however—for the first time in the history of the Great Republic—a powerful portion of citizens have seceded from the trammels of obsolete political cliques, and turned their eyes upon a man not conspicuous by any share he has borne in petty party intrigues, but distinguished rather by the prestige of science and romantic adventure. It would appear that a feeling is growing up among the people beyond the ocean, that the Commonwealth is much in want of some new element wherewith to refresh and invigorate itself. Formerly, when a candidate for the Presidentship was put forward, the first, almost the only question with the party that supported him was, whether he fully came up to the requisites of this or that narrow programme. In the present juncture, a great section of the American population have boldly cast aside that restricted standard, and resolved to offer the Presidentship to a "fresh man," who represents the principle of human liberty in its broad sense, without being tied by special engagements. The name of that man is scarcely known in the political arena of the United States. Yet, apart from that bustling scene, his renown is famous throughout the two hemispheres. It is a name which has become a household word for everything daring and adventurous—a name adored by the youth of America, and honoured by all disciples of human progress. It is the name of a dauntless pioneer of civilization, whose foot has become familiar with those mysterious mountain-ranges hitherto hid from the eye of science—a traveller over deserts interminable, penetrating the secrets of nature in search of new high-

ways for commerce—an explorer of boundless prairies where, before him, only the wild beast and the red savage wandered. In a word, it is FREMONT, the “Pathfinder,” the hero of the Rocky Mountains,—he whose gallant deeds, in the cause of science, read to our fireside reason like the dazzling pages of fiction. A heavy debt his country owes him. Her banner of stars his bold hand planted on the snow-clad summits of hitherto inaccessible peaks. With a handful of braves, he gained and offered her the “Golden Empire” of California, and opened up grand routes for her triumphal progress from the east to the west. This chosen child of progress now stands on the steps of the Capitol, a competitor for the highest functions his country has to offer.

It may be said—and indeed it has been said—that there is danger in trusting the destinies of a country to a man whose experience as a politician is so recent and untried. No doubt there is some reason in this objection. But be that as it may, in the present state of things Fremont is *a necessity*, for he alone is able to cement the discordant and medley parties of American progress into a bond of union against the phalanx of slaveholders. If Fremont’s views stood out in more glaring relief,—if he was a member of that “notorious circle” of statesmen who have hitherto monopolized the political life of the Union, his candidature would have but little claim to the wide-felt sympathy it now enjoys. The very fact that he stands aloof from the squabbles of clique and faction renders him the more acceptable to the different sections of the friends of freedom. True, this has some disadvantage, in so far as Fremont, to a certain extent, represents the unknown. But how much greater a disadvantage it would be if the disunion of the Liberal camp gave an easy and undisputed victory to the upholders of slavery! The great want of the Republic, at this moment, is a President of thoroughly patriotic inspirations,—honest, and beyond the shafts of calumny,—devoted to the integrity of his great country, and who is prepared to take his stand unyieldingly at the side of human freedom. In short, a leader representing the idea of progress on its broadest basis, and under whose administration the sound part of the Republic would have time to gather its forces, and to re-establish unity and harmony. There is no doubt but that Fremont would supply this want; that his character is pre-eminently adapted to this patriotic vocation. His whole life has been a series of sacrifices and acts of devotion to his country’s welfare. If, therefore, on November the 4th, his name should come forth triumphant from the electoral urn, a new and better era may confidently be expected for the Transatlantic Republic.

A sketch of the career of a man destined to play so conspicuous a part in the election struggles of the United States, can hardly fail to be interesting. Unfortunately, in the whole of the "literature on Fremont," which has recently sprung up, there is scarcely a work to be found which does full justice to the varied fate and daring exploits of the Pathfinder. There is certainly no lack of writings extolling his fame and advocating his election in terms the most enthusiastic. But a full and accurate biography of the man and his merits has yet to be written. It is, therefore, from his own sketches and reports, and from various other disjointed sources, that we must draw the materials for a biography. Still, so replete with remarkable events and incidents is the history of his career, that even a meagre outline is sufficient to attract universal attention.

From his earliest youth, the life of Colonel Fremont has been a series of adventures. The very story of his birth is stamped with that spirit of romance which every subsequent chapter of his life has increased and rendered more captivating to the imagination. The tale of the chequered fortunes of his family runs thus: In the early part of the present century, during the despotic reign of Napoleon, a Frenchman, from the neighbourhood of Lyons, fled to avoid persecution for some political offence. This fugitive from the clutches of his oppressors embarked secretly for St. Domingo; but the ship that carried him being captured by an English cruiser, the crew and passengers were made prisoners, and landed at the British Antilles. There, for some time, the unfortunate exile pursued a life of labour till another, and this time successful escape cast him on the soil of the United States. Fortune, there, for once smiled upon him, and gave him as a wife the fair daughter of Colonel Whiting, the head of one of the "first families" of Virginia. We will not enter into the love-passages of that romantic union, nor describe the many impediments that lay in the way of the gallant suitor. It is sufficient to say that the intrusion of the penniless and unknown French refugee into the exclusive circles of the Virginian aristocracy was viewed with no favourable eye by the "leading families" of the state; and thus the native soil of his loving partner became very soon too hot for the luckless exile. Packing up what little he had to pack, he emigrated into the Indian territory, far away from the traces of civilization, taking with him his faithful wife who, true woman as she was, bore every privation by his side. In the midst of this arduous journey, at Savannah, in Georgia, in the year 1813, she gave birth to a child, John Charles Fremont, the subject of this sketch.

The parents, soon after the birth of John Charles, started

again from their temporary resting-place, and wandered into the country of the Choctaw and Creek Indians. It appears that the elder Fremont, besides the domestic reasons that induced him to leave the inhospitable circles of Virginia, had an unconquerable disposition to migration, and an absorbing desire to study the peculiarities and manners of strange races. Thus it was that the man on whom the eyes of the Union are now directed, spent among barbarous tribes the morning of his life. The red-skin woman became his nurse, and her wild tongue he prattled in his infancy. His first impressions were formed amidst the grand solitudes of the virgin forest and the boundless plain of the prairies; and his earliest youth passed away roving over the hunting-ground of the Indian. This was a fitting introduction to the career of the "Pathfinder."

Approaching manhood, we see young Fremont within the pale of more cultivated life. His father, after all his wanderings, having found a resting-place in the grave, the widow went to reside in Carolina, and sent her boy to Charleston College, to devote himself to the study of mathematics. In later years, we find Fremont a successful teacher of that science. Towards 1833, he held the situation of professor of mathematics on board the American sloop of war, "Natchez," in which capacity he served for two years, during the cruise of that vessel on the coast of South America. Afterwards he received a similar appointment on board a United States' frigate; but this monotonous occupation does not appear to have been altogether to his taste, and he consequently left the navy, devoting his talents entirely to civil engineering. The migratory disposition and love of adventure he had inherited from his father, drew him to a wilder scene for his activity. The spell was upon him; he could no longer resist the noble impulse that urged him onward, and he set out for those savage regions where the native Indian life was yet to be found. In 1837 and 1838, we see him busy in the territory of the Cherokees, drawing up topographical maps, and studying the customs of his barbaric hosts. The United States at that time had an eye upon the districts of the Cherokees; they wished to drive that tribe to the other bank of the Mississippi. It may be imagined that the aborigines, under these circumstances, were not most amiably disposed towards the white man. Indeed, one of the expeditions of Fremont, which was undertaken in company with a gallant German backwoodsman, promised to end tragically enough for the two daring pioneers of science. Late one evening, the travellers found themselves suddenly amidst a tribe of hostile Indians engaged in a noisy revel. Tomahawks and scalping-knives were speedily produced; and the white men only owed their lives to that quality of compas-

sion common to woman, civilized and uncivilized. The squaws of the tribe hid them in bundles of maize from the vengeance of their savage lords, and set them free when the men were lying down insensible with the "fire-water" they had drunk. This hairbreadth escape from the most frightful death, instead of deterring Fremont, only acted as a further incentive to seek new dangers in more distant and more desolate regions.

His desire was shortly gratified, and a wider field offered for his activity. At the recommendation of the government of the United States, he took part in the expedition of the renowned French engineer, Nicollet, for the survey of the basin of the Upper Mississippi. There Fremont, who served as a second-lieutenant of engineers, had ample opportunity to prepare himself for greater enterprises. As though fully convinced of the destinies that awaited him, he inured himself to every hardship and privation incident to camp-life, and became a proficient in the many self-reliant contrivances necessary to the man that would traverse the untrodden wilderness. He soon rendered himself distinguished among the companions of his toil, not only by his ability as an engineer, but also by his success as a prairie sportsman. His deadly rifle and sure eye at the buffalo-chase were the talk and envy of the little camp. The part he took in this expedition of Nicollet brought his name for the first time prominently before the public. On his return to Washington, he drew up, in company with the German Hassler, those famous maps by which he gained the applause of the scientific world, and gave brilliant promise of greater deeds.

It was at this period of his life that he wooed and won the fair daughter of the well-known American senator, Colonel Benton, and carried off "Little Jessie," in spite of paternal opposition. Colonel Benton entertained the idea, not uncommon with other obdurate parents, that a second lieutenant, in a corps where promotion is very slow, and who had no other means of support but the insufficient pay of a subaltern, was not, in a prudential sense, a very eligible son-in-law. Taking this view of the question, the stern father resolved on banishing the unwelcome suitor; and, cunning strategist as he was, procured for Fremont a commission for the survey of the Moingonan River, in Iowa, the banks of which were infested by the Sacs and Foxes, two ferocious Indian tribes. No doubt, this commission was meant as a sort of Uriah's errand. But fortune willed it otherwise; and after a lengthened ramble along the banks of the Indian-haunted river, the obstinate second-lieutenant returned in safety, only, however, to find the old colonel still inexorable. Thus reduced to extremities, Fremont settled the affair, by proposing an elopement and secret marriage, which

were duly performed. The father then gave in to the *fait accompli*, and entered into the most friendly relations with his gallant son-in-law; but he never even alluded to the elopement and clandestine performance of the marriage rites. Only some ten or twelve years afterwards, he once confessed to a friend, that "Little Jessie, at the time, understood her husband better than her father did."

This abduction of the daughter of old Benton is invested with a still more romantic character, when we remember that, by a curious chance, Fremont, in his early youth, had nearly fallen a victim to the hand of the fierce senator. The little episode to which we allude is this: The father of Fremont, one day during his migrations, was tranquilly refreshing himself with his family, in the parlour of an inn at Nashville, in Tennessee, when their composure was suddenly disturbed by the discharge of fire-arms in the next room, and the whiz of bullets through the door, some of which passed in dangerous proximity to the head of young John Charles. The pistols had been fired by Colonel Thomas Benton, in a "political difficulty" with General Andrew Jackson, the victor of New Orleans, and afterwards President of the United States. Fortunately, the deadly missive took no effect; and young Fremont was preserved from the stray senatorial bullet. This semi-tragical scene had a fitting *dénouement* in later times. The two combatants, Benton and Jackson, became fast friends; while the boy Fremont, who had well-nigh fallen an accidental sacrifice to old Benton's violence, made himself his son-in-law. The whole history is redolent of the peculiarities of "American life."

But let us hasten to describe the Five Great Expeditions of Discovery, the performance of which has created the world-wide fame of Fremont, and placed his name by the side of Humboldt, Mungo Park, Audubon, Barth, and other illustrious travellers. Happy as his marriage proved—the charms of home and family were unable to keep long in their rosy bondage this man of enterprise. The scientific impulse being all-powerful with him, he soon grew weary of repose, and slighted the tranquil pleasures of his own hearth. The restless genius pined to be away in those far-off regions, which report had invested with a fabulous interest. The mysteries of the immense tracts of land between the Mississippi and the Pacific, attracted his ambition. These territories, yet unvisited by science,—where Nature sat alone, unintruded on but by the red-skin, or the adventurous trapper,—were to be laid open to the hundred arts of civilization and the commerce of the world. The great task proposed was, to explore that Cimmerian range, the Rocky Mountains,—to define the passes that lead through them towards the Great Ocean,—and to

lay down, by accurate surveys, the routes across the Western Desert. To this object, Fremont henceforth devoted all his energy. His ambition was to be the Pathfinder of the vast unexplored regions of the North American continent.

It was in May, 1842, that Fremont started for the first of his memorable expeditions. His survey, this time, was to embrace the country between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains, along the line of the Kansas and the great Platte, or Nebraska River. The company he took with him consisted principally of Creole and Canadian *voyageurs*, who had been trained to a life in the wilderness in the service of the fur companies. Twenty-two chosen men composed the daring band. The son of Colonel Benton also, a boy of twelve years, was of the party, under the special charge of Fremont. The German topographer, Charles Preuss, joined their ranks; and to his extraordinary skill and enthusiasm in the prosecution of the service assigned him—that of sketching the topographical features of the country—Fremont has always borne the highest and most grateful testimony. Then there was Christopher Carson, celebrated throughout America for his exploits as a mountaineer, trapper, and bear-hunter; known, by every one in the United States, as “Kit Carson,” the hero of the prairie: he acted as guide to the expedition. A man of apparently the most peaceable and temperate habits; of small stature, fair complexion, and mild blue eyes, this Kit Carson is the ideal of a western hunter and *coureur des bois*. He possesses what the Americans call “the prairie and mountain qualities” to the highest degree. His power of scenting the game is as acute as any hound’s; he is as terrible with the scalping-knife as any red man. He rides as if he were one with his steed—a true centaur. He has a perfect knowledge of the manners of the Indians, having himself been married to a red-skin woman. In such company, Fremont entered upon his first voyage, wandering westward through the country of the Pawnee Indians, along the river Platte, into the present territory of Nebraska.

It must be owned that the impediments to this expedition were of uncommon magnitude. At every turn, the travellers found the savages astir, and ready to oppose the small caravan. In the few scattered government forts, erected on the borders of the prairie, tales were told and reports were circulated of recent fearful massacres of white men by the surrounding barbarous tribes. The advance of the expedition, under these circumstances, was but slow. Every night, the camp had in a manner to be fortified, by erecting a sort of breastwork, constructed of the cars, and sentries posted. At last, any further pressing forward appeared to many an act of madness. Fremont was com-

pelled to hold a council with his company, and to offer every one the choice of returning, who should not feel inclined to take further part in the unavoidable perils before them. Yet such was the influence of the courage of Fremont, that one man only withdrew from the hardy band.

The further the adventurers advanced, the more infested they found the country with swarms of hostile Indians of the Cheyenne, Gros Ventre, and Sioux tribes. The company was in daily danger of being cut to pieces by the savages; and but for the presence of mind and experience of several of the guides, shown in their conferences with the red-skins, such a fate would no doubt have befallen them. The majority of the *voyageurs*, although their whole life had been spent in prairie expeditions, were appalled by the perils with which they were now surrounded, and felt strongly disposed to return. It was only the unyielding determination of the "Pathfinder," and the confidence he inspired in those around him, that kept the troop together. The nature of the situation, however, may be judged from the fact, that Kit Carson, at Fort Laramie, *made his will*. It was deemed prudent, also, to leave the son of Colonel Benton behind, at that garrison; for, from this point, the risks increased in so fearful a ratio, that the company had to be in a state of constant preparation for death, if not in expectation of it. At the last moment of leaving the Fort Laramie, Fremont was waited on by a deputation of old Indian chiefs, who, in a half-supplicating, half-menacing strain, urged upon him that it was utterly impossible to advance. "You have come among us," said one of the old warriors, "at a bad time. Some of our people have been killed by the whites, and our young men, who are gone to the mountains, are eager to avenge the blood of their relations. Our young men are bad; and if they meet you, they will believe that you are carrying goods and ammunition to their enemies, and they will fire upon you!" A warning letter was also handed to Fremont, signed by Otter-Hat, Breaker-of-Arrows, Black-Night, and Bull-Tail, four native chiefs. In this document, he was again admonished not to trust himself farther into the country.

The intrepid resolution, evinced by Fremont on this occasion, is truly remarkable. There was ample justification had he concluded to return. Indians, traders, hunters, his own people, the stoutest hearts among them, joined with one voice in imploring him not to expose himself and them to what they regarded as certain death. But he, unappalled, persisted in his determination; and, as usual with him, the future justified his resolve. To the red-skin chiefs assembled, he spoke with the picturesque language those wild orators delight in. He told them that he

and his companions had "*thrown away their bodies,*" and had made up their minds to "fight or die, but not to turn back, come what might." "This decision, at Fort Laramie," as an American writer justly observes, "was the turning-point of Fremont's destiny. If he had yielded to the fears that had overcome all other minds, failure would have been stamped upon him for ever. But as it was, he won the glory of inflexible and invincible resolution in the hearts of his admiring followers, and gave to the savage, and all others who dealt with him, an impression they ever after retained—that he was, indeed, a Brave, and that nothing could prevent his accomplishing whatever he undertook."

The travelling company, proceeding farther on their journey westward, found an agreeable relief to the conflicts with the red-skins in the chase of the buffalo. Of these hunting scenes, the diary of Fremont contains some graphic descriptions, from which we select a specimen:—

"A few miles brought us into the midst of the buffalo, swarming in immense numbers over the plains, where they had left scarcely a blade of grass standing. Mr. Preuss, who was sketching at a little distance in the rear, had at first noted them as large groves of timber. In the sight of such a mass of life, the traveller feels a strange emotion of grandeur. We had heard from a distance a dull and confused murmuring, and when we came in view of their dark masses, there was not one among us who did not feel his heart beat quicker. It was the early part of the day, when the herds are feeding; and everywhere they were in motion. Here and there a huge old bull was rolling in the grass, and clouds of dust rose in the air from various parts of the bands, each the scene of some obstinate fight. . . . As we were riding quietly along the bank, a grand herd of buffalo, some seven or eight hundred in number, came crowding up from the river, where they had been to drink, and commenced crossing the plain slowly, eating as they went. The wind was favourable; the coolness of the morning inviting to exercise; the ground was apparently good, and the distance across the prairie (two or three miles) gave us a fine opportunity to charge them before they could get among the river hills. It was too fine a prospect for a chase to be lost; and, halting for a few moments, the hunters were brought up and saddled, and Kit Carson, Maxwell, and I started together. They were now somewhat less than half a mile distant, and we rode easily along until within about three hundred yards, when a sudden agitation, a wavering in the band, and a galloping to and fro of some which were scattered along the skirts, gave us the intimation that we were discovered. We started together at a hard gallop, riding steadily abreast of each other, and here the interest of the chase became so engrossingly intense that we were sensible to nothing else. We were now closing upon them rapidly, and the front of the mass was already

in rapid motion for the hills, and in a few seconds the motion had communicated itself to the whole herd.

"A crowd of bulls, as usual, brought up the rear, and every now and then some of them faced about; and then dashed on after the band a short distance; and turned and looked again, as if more than half inclined to stand and fight. In a few moments, however, during which we had been quickening our pace, the rout was universal, and we were going over the ground like a hurricane. When at about thirty yards, we gave the usual shout (the hunter's battle-cry), and broke into the herd. We entered on the side, the mass giving way in every direction, in their heedless course. Many of the bulls, less active and less fleet than the cows, paying no attention to the ground, and occupied solely with the hunter, were precipitated to the earth with great force, rolling over and over with the violence of the shock, and hardly distinguishable in the dust. We separated on entering, each singling out his game.

"My horse was a trained hunter, famous in the West under the name of Proveau, and, with his eyes flashing, and the foam flying from his mouth, sprang on after the cow like a tiger. In a few moments he brought me alongside of her, and, rising in the stirrups, I fired at the distance of a yard, the ball entering at the termination of the long hair, and passing near the heart. She fell headlong at the report of the gun; and, checking my horse, I looked around for my companions. At a little distance, Kit was on the ground, engaged in tying his horse to the horns of a cow which he was preparing to cut up. Among the scattered bands, at some distance below, I caught a glimpse of Maxwell; and, while I was looking, a light wreath of white smoke curled away from his gun, from which I was too far to hear the report. Nearer, and between me and the hills, towards which they were directing their course, was the body of the herd, and giving my horse the rein, we dashed after them. A thick cloud of dust hung upon their rear, which filled my mouth and eyes, and nearly smothered me. In the midst of this I could see nothing, and the buffaloes were not distinguishable until within thirty feet. They crowded together more densely still as I came upon them, and rushed along in such a compact body, that I could not obtain an entrance,—the horse almost leaping upon them. In a few moments the mass divided to the right and left, the horns clattering with a noise heard above everything else, and my horse darted into the opening. Five or six bulls charged on us as we dashed along into the line, but were left far behind; and, singling out a cow, I gave her my fire, but struck too high. She gave a tremendous leap, and scoured on swifter than before. I reined up my horse, and the band swept on like a torrent, and left the place quiet and clear. Our chase had led us into dangerous ground. A prairie-dog village, so thickly settled that there were three or four holes in every twenty yards square, occupied the whole bottom for nearly two miles in length. Looking around, I saw only one of the hunters, nearly out of sight, and the long dark line of our caravan crawling along, *three or four miles distant!*"

The good humour with which the privations and fatigue of camp-life were borne by Fremont, and the zeal with which, in spite of them, he pursued night and day his scientific labours, are beyond all praise. After his people had composed themselves for the night, and silence and slumber had fallen upon the camp, it was the invariable practice of the commander, when the condition of the atmosphere, the state of the weather, and the aspect of the heavens allowed, to get out his instruments, take astronomical observations, and determine and record the latitude and longitude.

“My companions slept rolled up in their blankets, and the Indians lay in the grass near the fire; but my sleeping-place generally had an air of more pretension. Our rifles were tied together near the muzzle, the butts resting on the ground, and a knife laid on the rope to cut away in case of alarm. Over this, which made a kind of frame, was thrown a large india-rubber cloth, which we used to cover our packs. This made a tent sufficiently large to receive about half of my bed, and was a place of shelter for my instruments; and as I was careful always to put this part against the wind, I could be here with a sensation of satisfied enjoyment, and hear the wind blow, and the rain patter close to my head, and know that I should be at least half dry. Certainly, I never slept more soundly.”

In pursuance of his perilous journey, Fremont met, on the 28th of July, a troop of peaceable Indians, who gave a very discouraging picture of the country that lay before the travellers. They were informed, that the scorching heat and a plague of locusts had so entirely destroyed all vegetation and animal life, that not a blade of grass or a buffalo were to be seen in the regions they were about to enter. But, in spite of this prospect of starvation, Fremont still marched on, and at last reached the Wind-River Mountain, that large and gigantic knot of rocks from which the Platte and the Missouri flow towards the Mexican Gulf and the Atlantic Ocean, while from the same lofty region the Colorado dashes forward to the Californian Gulf, and the sources of the Columbia river pursue their course to the Pacific. Arrived at this point, the scenery became of a colossal and magnificent character. After the dreary journey over the parched prairie, the travellers beheld, with enthusiastic amazement, the gigantic accumulation of snowy mountains, whose peaks, high up into mid-air, were clad with a glittering vesture of silvery brightness. This grand spectacle of Alpine scenery—these lofty domes of snow, stretching up into the clouds—farther down, the beautiful lakes set like jewels in the mountains—and to complete the enchanting character of the scene, thickets and groves clustered at the base, made our

travellers feel that bountiful Nature, by this magnificent panorama, had amply repaid them for the sufferings they had undergone.

Unfortunately, however, at this juncture, a sad disaster befell the party. In crossing a swift and dangerous current, the only barometer belonging to the party got broken! Fremont thus was deprived of his weapon in the cause of science. To him, a great part of the interest of the journey lay in the scientific exploration of these mountains, of which so much had been said that was doubtful or contradictory; and now that at last their snowy peaks rose majestically before him, the only means he possessed of benefitting science was taken from him. To increase his misfortunes, the provisions had melted down to a few pounds of coffee and maccaroni, and some junks of buffalo meat, which they were obliged to cook in tallow, and to salt with gunpowder. Bread there had been none for a long time. Game was but rarely to be seen. Last, but not least, the travellers were now in the territory of the ferocious Blackfoot Indians, from whom they were in hourly expectation of an attack. Still Fremont triumphed over the difficulties. First of all, he caused a stockade to be erected on the edge of a little thicket, so that one section of the company might there keep watch whilst the other could ascend the mountains. Further, by a most sagacious contrivance, he succeeded, after many fruitless efforts, in reconstructing a new barometer: the pleasure this gave him may well be imagined. On the 12th of August, he began his mountain journey, properly so called. The difficulties experienced during this ascent of the highest summit almost baffle description. After the most exhausting toil, the travellers often found themselves at the brink of a precipice, from whence they had once more to retrace their steps, and to recommence the journey, jaded and dispirited. Foaming torrents, roaring cataracts, and deep abysses frequently barred the way, and rugged chasms and cavernous recesses yawned beneath the feet of the daring wanderers, like the jaws of death. One of the company, by the slipping of a block of ice, was thrown some hundred feet down a precipice; but, by a miracle, escaped with only a few contusions. Fremont himself, on these forlorn heights, fell sick with excessive fatigue and the rarity of the air. Still, ill and giddy as he was, he crawled on, putting hands and feet in the crevices. During the night, the bare granite served for his bed, and he started afresh with the rising of morn. At last he reached the highest peak, which stands out—a solitary cone—above a vast field of ice and glaciers. By the barometer it was found to be 13,570 feet above the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. On this elevated point, the

mind became overawed by the profound solitude and terrible silence that reigned around. All traces of animated life had at this altitude disappeared. The explosion of a pistol produced the usual report; but the sound expired almost instantaneously. There was *but three foot of room* on the top of the towering cone. On this precarious slab, from whence it seemed a breath could hurl the rash intruder into the abyss, Fremont fixed a ram-rod in a crevice, and planted the flag of the United States to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before. He had reached the highest elevation of that great Sierra—the Rocky Mountains; and, since then, that lofty summit has borne the name of Fremont's Peak.

On the same night he set out with his party on the return. Even then he was not free from disaster; for in the journey home he had the mortification of seeing, at the passage of a river, almost all his instruments, journals, topographical and astronomical notes, engulfed in a moment in the boiling stream. However, he succeeded in fishing up the greater part, and the loss to science was repaired as well as the circumstances would admit. His further journey home was marked by no notable incident. On October the 17th, Fremont reached St. Louis, and thence hastened to Washington to report himself to the chief of his corps. The objects of the expedition were attained. The South Pass was explored; all the questions relating to the astronomy, geography, botany, and meteorology of the country were solved; and the routes designated through which numberless caravans are now passing to California. At the order of the Senate, the account of this interesting expedition was printed and translated into foreign languages. Fremont had conquered for himself a great name.

We now come to his Second Great Expedition. After a short repose, he started anew, early in spring, 1843, to survey a tract of a thousand miles, hitherto a blank in geography. His object, this time, was to connect his discoveries of the preceding year with the surveys of Commander Wilkes, and to explore that vast inner basin, now called the Utah Territory, in which at the present moment the Mormons are located. This large region was enveloped in a delightful obscurity; the trappers relating of it tales replete with superstition and terror, that left a large field for the exercise of imagination. Fremont made up his mind to explore it with a chosen band of some forty men—American, French, German, Indian—among whom Kit Carson and Preuss again enrolled themselves, together with a few Delawares. He followed the river Platte and Sweetwater, proceeded along the southern border of the South Pass, through the Rocky Mountains, and arrived in August at the picturesque

valley of the Bear River, the principal tributary of the Great Salt Lake. Who shall describe the feelings that agitated the breast of Fremont when reaching at last that immense inland sea! The followers of Balboa felt no greater enthusiasm when, from the heights of the Andes, they beheld for the first time the great Western Ocean. In his joy at beholding these vast waters, which stretched in still and solitary grandeur far beyond the range of vision, Fremont knew of no danger. In defiance of whirlpools and other undefined terrors, which the Indian and hunters' stories associated with the mysterious lake, Fremont boldly entered upon its exploration in a frail bateau of gum-cloth, which was inflated with air, and intersected with seams badly pasted together! In this insecure vessel he paddled for days over the briny deep, braving the sudden squalls that infest it, in the dauntless pursuit of his scientific labours.

On September 12th, he started from Salt Lake, pursued the course of the Snake River, and came in sight of the Columbia on the 25th of October. In this journey he met the German naturalist Lüders, who, by the carelessness of the Indians that rowed his boat, was drawn into the midst of the rapids of the Columbia, and lost all his instruments and papers. From thence Fremont proceeded on through the unexplored region between the Columbia river and California, which embraces the Central Basin of the Continent between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. A great part of this territory was absolutely new to geographical, botanical, and geological science—a complete *terra incognita*, of the most rugged aspect. Fremont traversed it right and left, and on November the 25th stood at Fort Vancouver, with the calm waters of the Pacific at his feet.

Having thus marked out a great overland communication, he commenced his return voyage, making a detour to the south. It was generally believed until then, that, besides the Columbia, there was another powerful river, called Buonaventura, coming from the Rocky Mountains and flowing into the Great Ocean. Fremont journeyed over a territory of more than a thousand miles in search of it, but found the existence of the Buonaventura River in that region to be a myth. He then explored Southern Oregon, entered Upper California, and after having experienced the greatest sufferings during a hard winter in the wilderness, he pushed on in advance with a few companions, and arrived, on March the 6th, at Sutter's Fort, "Nova Helvetia," where he hastily provisioned himself, to return to the main body of the expedition, which had been left behind. He fell in with them on the second day near the Rio de los Americanos; finding them in the most forlorn and pitiable state. The men were all on foot, weak and emaciated. Out of sixty-seven horses and

mules, thirty-four had died. The sufferings of the party, on this occasion, is pretty evident from the fact of the very Indian guides themselves having deserted, and two of the veteran trappers of the company *having grown insane* from their misery.

Somewhat recruited by the supplies so opportunely brought by Fremont, the expedition pursued its way southerly along the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, and subsequently struck into the Desert and Utah Territory. Here, again, they were in danger of falling victims to the red-skins. The Indians continually prowled about the party, insulting and defying them, and attempting to carry off some of the straggling men or horses. On one occasion the savages approached the camp, and stole a number of horses. Three of Fremont's followers—Carson, Fuentes, and Godey—resolved on a pursuit to recover the booty. The horse of Fuentes, however, soon breaking down, he was forced to return; but the two others continued the chase of the red-skins. Fremont, in his diary, thus relates the result:—

“ In the afternoon of the next day, a war-whoop was heard, such as Indians make when returning from a victorious enterprise; and soon Carson and Godey appeared, driving before them a band of horses, recognized by Fuentes to be part of those they had lost. Two bloody scalps, dangling from the end of Godey's gun, announced that they had overtaken the Indians, as well as the horses. They informed us that, after Fuentes left them from the failure of his horse, they continued the pursuit alone, and towards nightfall entered the mountains into which the trail led. After sunset the moon gave light, and they followed the trail by moonshine until late in the night, when it entered a narrow defile, and was difficult to follow. Afraid of losing it in the darkness of the defile, they tied up their horses, struck no fire, and lay down to sleep in silence and in darkness. Here they lay from midnight till morning. At daylight they resumed the pursuit, and about sunrise discovered the horses; and immediately dismounting and tying up their own, they crept cautiously to a rising ground which intervened, from the crest of which they perceived the encampment of four lodges close by. They proceeded quietly, and had got within thirty or forty yards of their object, when a movement among the horses discovered them to the Indians; giving the war-shout, they instantly charged into the camp, regardless of the number which the *four* lodges would imply. The Indians received them with a flight of arrows shot from their long-bows, one of which passed through Godey's shirt collar, barely missing the neck; our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched on the ground, fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a lad who was captured. The scalps of the fallen were instantly stripped off; but in the process, one of them, who had a ball through his body, *sprung to his feet, the blood streaming from his skinned head, and uttering a*

hideous howl. An old squaw, possibly his mother, stopped and looked back from the mountain side she was climbing, threatening and lamenting. The frightful spectacle appalled the stout hearts of our men; but they did what humanity required, and quickly terminated the agonies of the gory savage. . . . They were now masters of the camp. Their object accomplished, our men gathered up all the surviving horses, fifteen in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon of the same day. They had rode about one hundred miles in the pursuit and return, and all in thirty hours. The time, place, object, and numbers considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey may be considered among the boldest which the annals of Western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present."

This is one of the horrible incidents characterizing life in the wilderness. A short time afterwards, a Mexican man, and a boy of eleven, who had escaped a massacre of their companions by the Indians, appeared in Fremont's camp. In the course of his expedition, Fremont came to the very spot where the bloody deed had taken place; and he gives us this description of it:—

"The dead silence of the place was ominous; and galloping rapidly up, we found only the corpses of the two men; everything else was gone. They were naked, mutilated, and pierced with arrows. Hernandez had evidently fought, and with desperation. He lay in advance of the willow, half-faced tent which sheltered his family, as if he had come out to meet danger, and to repulse it from that asylum. One of his hands, and both his legs, had been cut off. Giacome, who was a large and strong-looking man, was lying in one of the willow shelters, pierced with arrows. Of the women, no trace could be found, and it was evident they had been carried off captive. A little lap-dog, which had belonged to Pablo's mother, remained with the dead bodies, and was frantic with joy at seeing Pablo; he, poor child, was frantic with grief, and filled the air with lamentations for his father and mother. *Mi padre!—mi madre!*—was his incessant cry. When we beheld this pitiable sight, and pictured to ourselves the fate of the two women, carried off by savages so brutal and so loathsome, all compunction for the scalped-alive Indian ceased; and we rejoiced that Carson and Godey had been able to give so useful a lesson to these American Arabs, who lie in wait to murder and plunder the innocent traveller."

Similar scenes occurred afterwards. One of the travelling party had straggled away, and was murdered by the savages. Not many days after, the place where he was butchered was discovered by his companions. Traces of blood upon the beaten-down bushes marked but too plainly how desperately he had struggled with his foes; and the marks on the grass proved that he had been dragged down to the river, to conceal all vestiges

of the murder. This melancholy sight made a deep impression on even the most callous *voyageurs* of the expedition.

Yet, though the arrow of the Indian, and the pangs of hunger and fatigue assailed the camp, Fremont never lost courage. After a perilous expedition of fourteen months, he returned in safety to St. Louis, his name, henceforth, being illustrious among the benefactors of mankind.

In January, 1845, President Tyler, with the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States, conferred upon Lieutenant Fremont a brevet commission of captain in the corps of Topographical Engineers. Towards the end of the same year, Fremont started on his Third Expedition. This was the last under the authority of government. It terminated in operations and results so remote from its design as a mere exploration, and led to such extraordinary and complicated events, that the publication of a full report has been as yet necessarily postponed. The object of this third voyage originally was, to inquire anew into the topographical characteristics of Oregon and California, with a view of finding out the shortest possible route from the western basis of the Rocky Mountains to the mouths of the Columbia. The result of the expedition, however, was *the conquest of California, with the aid of Fremont*, and the annexation of that "Golden Empire" to the United States!

The Pathfinder went out in 1845, by the northern head-waters of the Arkansas—then the boundary line of the Union—to the south side of the Great Salt Lake, and thence directly across the Central Basin towards California, by a route of which he was the first explorer. Upon reaching the neighbourhood of the Sierra Nevada, he divided his party, naming a certain pass at the point of rendezvous. Unfortunately, a similarity of name created confusion. His companions wandered far on to a distant pass; and Fremont in vain remained waiting and roaming for them in the wild and mountainous country, frequently fighting for life with the aborigines. Finally, he abandoned the search, and went down to the Californian settlements. It was at a time when the Mexican authorities in California looked with a jealous eye upon the United States' settlers, who had fixed themselves in the country. Fremont, in order to avoid all ill will or suspicion on the part of the Mexicans, waited on the Prefecto at Monterey, stating he had not a single soldier of the United States' army in his party, and that his sole purpose was a scientific survey, with a view of ascertaining the best mode of establishing a commercial intercourse between the Atlantic and Pacific regions. He requested permission to winter in the country, recruit his company, and continue his explorations. His request was granted. Shortly afterwards, to his amazement he was informed that he

was to be driven out of the country by force, or sent as a prisoner to Mexico! This breach of good faith astounded Fremont; he could with difficulty believe in such treachery. A detachment of Mexican dragoons arriving, however, to enforce the order of expulsion, left him no room for doubt. He then at once boldly resolved, with his sixty men, to fortify his position, and erected on its highest point a staff on which he unfurled the flag of his country. A vigilant watch was kept from the lofty peaks and crags, and every preparation made for battle. But the Mexicans shrunk from the encounter. Then Fremont, who did not intend to originate any hostile movement, left his entrenchment, moving down into the San Joaquin valley, and by a series of marches turned up through North California, towards Oregon and the Columbia river. There a United States' messenger, who had long been in search of Fremont, overtook him at last, informing him, in the name of the government at Washington, that he was to return to California. On the following night, a tragedy occurred in the camp, which had nearly ended in the death of Fremont, by the tomahawk of the savage—a fate that befell several of his unfortunate companions.

Fremont, after all the others in the encampment had long since fallen asleep, remained awake. He had received letters from home which called back reminiscences and started associations that kept his mind in a musing mood. The embers of the camp-fire were dying out; the moon shone brightly above, but impenetrable darkness reigned in the forest. About midnight, on a sudden the horses exhibited signs of uneasiness. Fremont, not wishing to disturb his exhausted men, took a revolver in his hand, and stealthily crept out, examining all parts of the encampment. The horses had become quiet again; all was in profound stillness. Dismissing the idea of danger, he returned to his resting place, and yielding himself to fatigue, at last fell into sleep. Meanwhile the moon had gone down below the trees, and the obscurity was complete. What followed, we give in the words of Kit Carson:—

“This was the only night in all our travels, except the one night on the island in the Salt Lake, that we failed to keep guard; and as the men were so tired, and we expected no attack now that we had fourteen in the party, the colonel did not like to ask it of them, but sat up late himself. Owens and I were sleeping together, and we were waked at the same time *by the licks of the axe that killed our men*. At first, I did not know it was that; but I called to Basil, who was that side: ‘What’s the matter there? What’s the fuss about?’ He never answered, for he was dead then, poor fellow,—and he never knew what killed him. His head had been cut in, in his sleep; the other groaned a little as he died. The Delawares (we

had four with us) were sleeping at the fire, and they sprang up as the Tlamaths charged them. One of them, named Crane, caught up a gun, which was unloaded; but, although he could do no execution, he kept them at bay, fighting like a soldier, and did not give up until he was shot full of arrows, three entering his heart; he died bravely. As soon as I had called out, I saw it was Indians in the camp, and I and Owens together cried out, 'Indians!' There were no orders given; things went on too fast, and the colonel had men with him that did not need to be told their duty. The colonel and I, Maxwell, Owens, Godey, and Stepp, jumped together, we six, and ran to the assistance of our Delawares. I don't know who fired and who didn't; but I think it was Stepp's shot that killed the Tlamath chief, for it was at the crack of Stepp's gun that he fell. He had an English half-axe slung to his wrist by a cord, and there were forty arrows left in his quiver, the most beautiful and warlike arrows I ever saw. He must have been the bravest man among them, from the way he was armed, and judging by his cap. When the Tlamaths saw him fall, they ran; but we lay, every man with his rifle cocked, until daylight, expecting another attack. In the morning we found, by the tracks, that from fifteen to twenty of the Tlamaths had attacked us. They had killed three of our men (besides Basil and the Delaware, a half-bred Iroquois, named Dennie), and wounded one of the Delawares who scalped the chief, whom we left where he fell."

The message brought to Fremont from Washington, was of the highest importance. It was a verbal one, and ran to the effect that, "a rupture between the United States and Mexico being not improbable, it was the wish of Government that Fremont should remain in a favourable position to watch the state of things in California, and to conciliate the feelings of the people, with a view of making them available against Mexican dominion." The complaints which the United States' settlers in California had against the Mexican authorities, were indeed manifold. It was said that Mexico intended an utter expulsion of all the United States' colonists from California, and that, in order to accomplish this more effectually, the Indian tribes had been made to participate in the conspiracy, and instigated to burn and destroy the crops and houses of the Americans. Under these circumstances, Fremont did not hesitate to decide on the course he ought to pursue. Throwing up, before his company, his quality as a United States' officer, he declared he was resolved to make war on his own account upon the Mexican authorities. *His force then consisted of sixty-two men.* Calling around him some hundred of American settlers, he forthwith organized a small army. He then first marched against the Indians, with such celerity, that no notice of his approach could be sent forward; found the savages engaged in their war-dance, in black paint and white feathers, preparatory

to their meditated attack upon the settlers; he fought them at once, and routed and drove them into the river and the woods. Subsequently attacking Sonoma, he took a number of Mexican guns. On the 5th of July, amidst a great concourse of people, he declared the country independent, and unfurled the flag of the free state of California—a grizzly bear on a white field. In September he was appointed Governor of California, by the United States' Commodore, Stockton.

The usual ingratitude that awaits public benefactors did not, however, neglect to visit him. The courageous explorer and gallant warrior was made the victim of a conflict for authority between two officers of the Federal Government. Commodore Stockton and General Kearney, pretending both to the right of command, and Fremont obeying, of course, only the one that had appointed him governor, he was, incredible as it seems, placed under arrest, and conducted, a prisoner, over the vast territory he had been first to reveal. A court-martial found him guilty of "mutiny" and "disobedience," and divested him of his commission as lieutenant-colonel. And as misfortunes seldom come alone, another melancholy event followed this sentence. His aged mother hearing that he was tried on charges touching his life and honour, sunk under her anxiety, and died the day before Fremont would have been able to comfort her in person.

Public testimonials did not fail to come as a consolation for the injury Fremont had been made to undergo by the sentence of the court-martial. The President of the United States himself offered to re-instate the wronged man. But in a spirit of noble indignation, the explorer refused the proffered conciliation, and "determined," as an American writer says, "to retrieve his honour on the same field where he had been robbed of it." He set out in 1848, for a new expedition which, in sufferings and adventures, surpassed all he had yet experienced. Without any Government commission, as a mere private individual, Fremont started in October, 1848, for this voyage, at his own risk and expense, and supported only by the advances of several public-spirited and liberal men. His leading idea always had been to complete and consolidate the union and intercourse of the Atlantic and Pacific regions. He, therefore, went out, in this Fourth Expedition, to ascertain whether the establishment of a "National Railroad" from the Mississippi to California, would not meet with too great practical impediments. His project was to follow the line of the Southern Kansas, to ascend the Del Norte to its head, descend on to the Colorado, and to advance, across the Wahsatch Mountains and the Central Basin, to the settled parts of California, near

Monterey. This expedition, unlike the preceding ones, was entered upon by Fremont at a time when his mind was occupied with plans for domestic quiet and withdrawal into private life. "I do not feel," he writes in one of his letters, "the pleasure that I used to have in these labours, as they remain inseparably connected with painful circumstances, due mostly to them. It needs strong incitements to undergo the hardships and self-denial of this kind of life, and as I find I have these no longer, I will drop into quiet life." And in another letter—"I have an almost invincible repugnance to going back among scenes where I have endured much suffering, and for all the incidents and circumstances of which I feel a strong aversion."

Still, with all these depressing influences, the scientific impulse upheld Fremont's energy. We again behold him ready for the field. Misfortune, however, this time willed it so, that he engaged as a guide an old trapper, who, though he had spent some twenty-five years in trapping various parts of the Rocky Mountains, proved to be perfectly ignorant of the region through which the expedition was to proceed. He misled the travellers into passes choked up with snow, and thus wasted valuable time in needless misery, seeking to recover the right track. Even along the river bottoms the snow was already belly-deep for the mules. The cold, in ascending the St. John's Sierra, was extraordinary; at the warmest hours of the day the thermometer (Fahrenheit) stood in the shade of only a tree-trunk at zero. The party pressed up towards the summit, the snow deepening; and in four or five days reached the ridges which form the dividing grounds between the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans. Along these naked ridges, storms rage nearly the whole winter, and the winds sweep across them with remorseless fury. On the first attempt to cross, the company was driven back, having some twelve men variously frost-bitten, face, hands, or feet. Fremont was compelled to encamp somewhere about 1,200 feet above the sea. Westward, the country was buried in deep snow. A few days sufficed to destroy his fine troop of mules; the courage of the men was failing fast—despondency prevailed in the camp. One of the men, Proue, laid down in the trail and was frozen to death, although it was a sunshiny day, and he had with him means to make a fire. Some of the party, who had been sent to the Spanish settlements, were found by Fremont on the twenty-second day of their journey; *he did not recognize their features*,—so deep were the changes starvation had wrought in them. Soon also Manuel, the Cosumne Indian, gave way to despair, and implored Haler to shoot him.

"About ten miles below the camp, Wise gave out, and then threw

away his gun and blanket, and a few hundred yards farther, fell over into the snow, and died. Two Indian boys, young men, countrymen of Manuel, were behind. They rolled up Wise in his blanket, and buried him in the snow on the river bank. No more died that day, none the next. Carver raved during the night, his imagination wholly occupied with images of many things which he fancied himself eating. In the morning he wandered off from the party, and probably soon died. They did not see him again. Sorel on this day gave out, and laid down to die. They built him a fire, and Morin, who was in a dying condition, and snow-blind, remained. These two did not probably last till the next morning. That evening, I think, Hubbard killed a deer. They travelled on, getting here and there a grouse, but probably nothing else, the snow having frightened off the game. Things were desperate, and brought Haler to the determination of breaking up the party, *in order to prevent them from living upon each other. . . .* They accordingly separated. With Haler continued five others and the two Indian boys. Rohrer now became very despondent; Haler encouraged him by recalling to mind his family, and urged him to hold out a little longer. On this day he fell behind, but promised to overtake them at evening. Haler, Scott, Hubbard, and Martin; agreed that if any one of them should give out, the others were not to wait for him to die, but build a fire for him, and push on. At night, Kern's mess encamped a few hundred yards from Haler's, with the intention, according to Taplin, to remain where they were until the relief should come, and in the meantime *to live upon those who had died, and upon the weaker ones as they should die. . . .* Ferguson and Beadle had remained together behind. In the evening Rohrer came up, and remained with Kern's mess. Mr. Haler learnt afterwards from that mess that Rohrer and Andrews wandered off the next day and died. They say they saw their bodies. In the morning, Haler's party continued on. After a few hours, Hubbard gave out. They built him a fire, gathered him some wood, and left him, without, as Haler says, turning their heads to look at him as they went off. About two miles farther, Scott,—you remember Scott, who used to shoot birds for you at the frontier,—gave out. They did the same for him as for Hubbard, and continued on. In the afternoon, the Indian boys went ahead, and before nightfall met Godey with the relief. Haler heard and knew the guns which he fired for him at night, and, starting early in the morning, soon met him. I hear that *they all cried together like children.* Haler turned back with Godey, and went with him to where they had left Scott. He was still alive and was saved. Hubbard was dead,—still warm. From the Kern's mess they learned the death of Andrews and Rohrer, and, a little above, met Ferguson, who told them that Beadle had died the night before."

We will not give more of the harrowing details of that Iliad of misery and heroism, endured and displayed in the noble cause of science. Fremont, as heretofore, continued his journey

undaunted. He arrived at Santa Fe, and proceeding down the Rio del Norte, struck across the country of the fierce Apaches to California, which he reached in March, 1849. He was enthusiastically hailed there by the people, who, in 1851, elected him a member of the Senate of the United States.

His public services as a senator were of short duration ; but, even during that brief epoch, he accomplished an extraordinary amount of work, which was designed to complete the organization of the whole system of administration in California. We may observe here, for instance, that the railroad, now in process of extension from San Francisco towards the mountains, follows the line marked out in one of Fremont's bills. Moreover, if the "Pacific Railroad," as proposed by Fremont, was completely established, the diplomatic difficulties connected with Central America would lose much of their importance ; for then the stream of migration would pre-eminently proceed along this route, avoiding the line of the much talked-of Isthmus.

After the close of the session, Fremont, in returning to California by the Isthmus, was unfortunately attacked by the Panama fever, which left him for a long time paralyzed by a neuralgic affection. On his health being restored, we find him, in 1852, at his Mariposa farm, engaged at the order of the Federal Government, in supplying the famished Indian tribes with large provisions of food, and thus, according to the testimony of the entire delegation from California, removing the cause of a threatened Indian war. Yet, though Fremont had thus rendered a public service, the Secretary of the Interior refused, for three years, to honour the drafts Fremont had drawn on the State while executing his duty. Only by a special act of the Thirty-third Congress, this just debt was at last discharged. Soon afterwards, on a journey of recreation to Europe, Fremont was harrassed by a yet more disagreeable monetary difficulty. While Governor in California, he had drawn upon the Secretary of State of the United States, in order to obtain supplies for the troops under his command. These drafts were not honoured at Washington ; and, remaining unpaid, appear in course of time to have passed from hand to hand. In 1852, Fremont, arriving in London, was unexpectedly, at the instance of some of the holders of these drafts, arrested while stepping out from the Clarendon hotel and handing his wife into a carriage, on their way to dine with a friend. He was hurried to prison, and only released the next day by the interference of the United States' Minister, and by Mr. Peabody, the well-known American merchant, giving the necessary bail. This annoying occurrence was one of his rewards for having saved California to his native country.

During the voyage to Europe, the indefatigable traveller drew up the plan for a Fifth Expedition. The problem of the practicability of a trans-continental communication still occupied his mind; he wished, therefore, to explore the Coochatope Pass, with a view to the construction of a common road or railroad through it. In August, 1853, he started upon this voyage; but so great a length of time elapsed before anything was heard of him, that the conviction gained ground he had met, at last, the fate he so often braved. It was not before April, 1854, that his safety was ascertained. From his letters we see that, on the 3rd of December, he had entered the mountain regions on the Huerfano river; that he had gone through the Coochatope Pass on the 14th of the same month, with but four inches of snow on the level; but that, subsequently, in the neighbourhood of the River Grande, difficulties once more had risen up before him in so appalling a form as to vividly recal the scenes of the Fourth Expedition. After indescribable sufferings by the pangs of hunger, and the attacks from ferocious savages, he safely reached once more the glittering banks of the Sacramento, having escaped on his way, as by a miracle, the poisoned arrows of a horde of red-skins. This was the last expedition of the wonderful man who had proposed to himself, as the ambition of his life, to become the Conqueror of the Farther Wilderness.

Such is an outline of the scientific career of Fremont. A few words only remain to be said concerning his doings since the end of 1854. The absorbing idea, as before observed, which upheld him in all his expeditions, was that of the establishment of an overland communication, and, for the furtherance of this aim, now that he has dropped into "quiet life," his exertions are still continually directed. One of his letters to the *National Intelligencer* closes with these words:—

"It seems a treason against mankind and the spirit of progress which marks the age, to refuse to put this one completing link to our national prosperity and the civilization of the world. Europe still lies between Asia and America; build this railroad, and things will have revolved about; America will lie between Asia and Europe; the golden vein which runs through the history of the world, will follow the iron track to San Francisco; and the Asiatic trade will finally fall into its last and permanent road, when the ancient and the modern Chryse throw open their gates to the thoroughfare of the world."

In the present year, when the struggle between the Free State party and the Slave-Interest in Kansas assumed such formidable proportions, Fremont, for the first time, appeared in public as the champion of unfettered labour, in opposition to the advocates of human bondage. He declared boldly for Robin-

son, the Free State Governor of Kansas, with whom, when in California, he had contracted a personal friendship. To this energetic defender of liberty he addressed, on the 17th of March last, a letter which may be instructing as it has probably contributed to bring Fremont forward as a candidate for the Presidentship:—

“I had been waiting,” Fremont writes, “to see what shape the Kansas question would take in Congress, that I might be enabled to give you some views in relation to the probable result. Nothing yet has been accomplished; but I am satisfied that, in the end, Congress will take efficient measures to lay before the American people the exact truth concerning your affairs. Neither you nor I can have any doubt what verdict the people will pronounce, upon a truthful exposition. It is to be feared, from the proclamation of the President, that he intends to recognize the usurpation in Kansas as the legitimate government, and that its Sedition Law, the Test Oath, and the means to be taken to expel its people as aliens, will all directly or indirectly be supported by the army of the United States. Your position will undoubtedly be difficult, but you know I have great confidence in your firmness and prudence. When the critical moment arrives, you must act for yourself—no man can give you counsel. A true man will always find his best counsel in that inspiration which a good cause never fails to give him at the instant of trial. Your action will be determined by events as they present themselves, and at this distance I can only say that I sympathize cordially with you; and that, as you stood by me firmly and generously when we were defeated by the Nullifiers in California, *I have every disposition to stand by you in the same way in your battle with them in Kansas.*”

In June, the candidature of Fremont was formally decided on by a convention of the Republican party at Concord, in the State of New Hampshire. In the same month, the National Convention of Republicans at Philadelphia adopted and ratified this nomination. Since then, his chances have grown from day to day; though the recent unexpected intrigues which the Buchanan and Fillmore party have concocted together in several of the states, are unfortunately calculated to somewhat diminish his prospect of success. But whatever the issue of the contest of November 4th, the sympathies of all friends of freedom throughout the world are with the gallant Pathfinder, whose name, as a man of science, is already inscribed on the brightest pages of the history of the United States. To speak in the words of an American author: “His 20,000 miles of wilderness explorations, in the midst of the inclemencies of nature, and the ferocities of jealous and merciless tribes; his intrepid coolness in the most appalling dangers; his magnetic sway over enlightened and savage men; his vast contributions to science; his controlling

energy in the extension of our empire; his lofty and unsullied ambition; his magnanimity, humanity, genius, sufferings, and heroism,—make all lovers of progress, learning, and virtue, hope that Fremont's services will be rewarded by high civic honours."

ART. V.—*The Earnest Minister: a Record of the Life and Selections from Posthumous and other Writings of the Rev. Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley, Gloucestershire.* Edited by Edwin Paxton Hood. London: Snow. 1856.

A FEW years ago we were strolling with an old college-friend about the neighbourhood of Stroud in Gloucestershire, reasoning about "fixt fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute," instead of enjoying like sensible men the rich, soft beauty and deep repose of some of the loveliest scenery in England with the sunlight of an August evening resting upon it, when suddenly our "high argument" was happily broken through by the appearance of a quiet-looking, lame gentleman in sober black, who was walking slowly and thoughtfully along the road, and who, when we met, was introduced by our friend as Mr. Parsons, of Ebley. We had often heard of him as a sturdy agitator, a teetotaller, an anti-slavery man, anti-corn-law lecturer, and a vehement apostle of discontent and dissatisfaction with the present state of things in general, both in church and state; we had read, too, some of the hard, strong things that he had written, and were pleasantly surprised by the gentleness and quietness of his manner. Had we never seen him, we might have found it difficult to believe what his biographer tells us of the womanly tenderness of his heart, and the tranquillity and beauty of his home-life. But ever since that casual meeting by the roadside, we have always thought of Benjamin Parsons as uniting like other men whom it would be easy to mention, what we are compelled to call unseemly violence and harshness in public life, with a private life enriched with the kindest affections and most genial sympathies. Mr. Hood's biography confirms this conviction.

Mr. Parsons's life was worth writing. He was a man of remarkable powers; he did a remarkable work, and in a remarkable way. Mr. Hood must forgive us, however, for saying that, interesting and pleasant as are some of the disquisitions that he has woven into the biography of his friend, his book would have been both more readable and more useful, if he had just told us the facts of Mr. Parsons's history, and left us to moralize for

ourselves on such matters as the advantages of autobiography, the biography-mania, preaching, and the literature of Puritanism. But we thank him for enabling us to understand with considerable clearness what kind of a man the late minister of Ebley Chapel really was, and what kind of a work he did. Many a young minister, who has to labour in rough and discouraging circumstances, may read the book with profit.

Benjamin Parsons was born at Nebley, a little hamlet hidden among the beautiful hills of Gloucestershire, February 16th, 1797. His ancestors on both sides were English yeomen—a race whose vigorous and substantial virtues have gone a long way to win for England its greatness and renown. His father and his mother were both excellent Christian people, and he was born and bred under the healthy influences of the hearty religious life which, through George Whitfield's labours, existed in many of the farm-houses of Gloucestershire at the close of the last century. When Benjamin was born, there was sorrow in the house; for, through some injustice and caprice on the part of the landlord, his father had received notice to quit the farm, and the cattle and farming implements had been sold off a day or two before. The sad-hearted farmer was rather troubled than rejoiced by the birth of a son in the midst of his calamity: he found comfort in reading a sermon of Whitfield's on the blessing pronounced by Moses on Benjamin, and so he determined that Benjamin should be the name of his boy.

By the time he was six years old his father was dead; and when he was fifteen, his mother died too. The education of the fatherless boy, however, had not been neglected. He had been sent, through the kindness of some friends, to the parsonage-school at Dursley, and afterwards to the Black School at Wotton-under-Edge, to which he was introduced by Rowland Hill. After leaving school, he was apprenticed to a tailor, who was a deacon of the church at Frampton-on-Severn. Here he remained seven years, and a still longer time passed before he formally united himself with the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, in which he remained till the close of his life. In his twenty-fifth year he entered Cheshunt College; left Cheshunt in 1826 to preach at Ebley; and at Ebley, though strange to say, he was never regularly appointed to the pastorate of the place, he continued to work for nearly thirty years. Here he was the busiest of men. He had soon established classes for reading, elocution, geography, English grammar, Latin, Greek, and mathematics. He lectured on—we are afraid to tell our readers how many subjects; but Astronomy and the Corn Laws, Provident Societies and Logic, Chemistry and the French Revolution, Dietetics and the English Consti-

tution, are only specimens of what the indefatigable man discoursed upon to the people at Ebley, and to delighted audiences in the neighbourhood. When a church-rate battle had to be fought at Ebley, he was there to fight; when a ministerial conference on the Corn Laws had to be held at Manchester, he was there to speak; and on his pony "Dobbin,"—which, by the way, he groomed himself—he cantered about the neighbouring counties, while the League was in its glory, addressing large audiences, and sitting down—to quote the words of country newspapers, which his diligent biographer has hunted up—"amidst the most tremendous applause, cheer on cheer echoing along the hall for a considerable period." And with all this, he was keeping up his Hebrew at home, working the institutions of Ebley Chapel with wonderful success, writing and sometimes winning prize-essays, and fighting away with his pen in local newspapers, in vigorous pamphlets, in well-known periodicals, and sometimes in regular treatises, on behalf of all the animating enterprises to which it was his delight to consecrate his toil.

What was done through his labours at Ebley, our readers may learn from the two following extracts; the first describing Ebley Chapel as it was when Mr. Parsons became its minister, and the second, what in the course of twenty years he made it. Some of our readers may need reminding that Stroud, the neighbouring town, is famous for the west of England broadcloth,—an article which, we believe, the Yorkshire manufacturers do not or cannot rival in quality, though in a slightly inferior texture, the North, as usual, is able in price to drive the West out of the market; the population of Ebley, therefore, is partly manufacturing as well as agricultural, and the congregation there is chiefly composed of working people belonging to both these classes of industrial occupation. When Mr. Parsons became the minister—

"The first entrance to the chapel-yard consisted of a few broken rails and some old-fashioned stepping stones. Potatoes grew in front of the chapel-house. The roof of the chapel was out of repair and incapable of being mended; and if visited by a rainy day, it was necessary to have a tub in the centre of the chapel, to catch the rain that fell through the roof during the time of divine service. The pews were without any order, had never been stained, and, in winter, formed a haunt rather for mockers than a retreat for worshippers. Many years had passed away since any paint was bestowed on the building. And the chapel-house was of a piece with the chapel: it is true its lower domains consisted of a kitchen and a parlour, but you had to go through the former to reach the latter—a route not the most picturesque, although very direct. Over these rooms were four others, a study and three bed-rooms, and the one appropriated to the servants had a ladder in the centre, which took the voyager up

through a trap door into some dark attics, which, although windowless, were sometimes used as bed-rooms by those who looked after the minister's and kept the chapel house. No part of the house had been painted except the parlour. The rain dripped and poured sometimes into every bed-room in the house. 'Often,' said our friend to us, once, 'have I been kept awake a good part of the night by the water dropping on the floor. At such times I thought of the saying of the wise man—"a contentious woman is a continual dropping."'" Stepping outside the house in those days, you found the burying-ground in a worse state than the front of the chapel. It had no protection, unless a few split palings, which had never been either planed or painted, could be called so. The gates were broken up and gone. What is now the vestry was a stable. The doors were rotten and half taken away. Where the drawing-room at present stands, was an abominable and unhealthy cesspool; and what is now a beautiful lawn, at the back door, was covered with a dung-heap, and some unsightly conveniences without doors and the roofs fallen in. Then, in those days, they were under the necessity of making a vestry every time it was needed. It was situated within the present vestry, and was made by hanging some black cloth from the front of the gallery."

By-and-bye the energetic minister stimulated the people to enlarge the chapel-house until it became a very commodious and pleasant-looking manse; to paint and beautify the chapel, light it with gas, and build besides fine schools; and said he—

"Travellers tell us that our premises have a very picturesque appearance. The school-room is said to be a handsome building, somewhat in the Grecian style, and together with the chapel, the chapel-house, the burying-ground, and garden, present a very pleasing picture, and especially so when the children are seen practising their thousand gambols in the play-ground or around the walks."

It was a great wish of Mr. Parsons to get some land adjoining the school for little gardens where the elder boys might get some knowledge of gardening, and some taste for flowers. After some difficulties the land was procured, and he tells us—

"We immediately laid out the land rather tastefully with serpentine gravel walks, turf edges, flower borders, and evergreens, and at once allowed the children free access to the whole."

We believe that this improvement in the external circumstances of the chapel was only a fair representation of a far more important improvement in the condition and character of the people. We read in Mr. Parsons's own narrative of the earlier part of his life, of boys who were employed in the factory all day, rising at five o'clock on cold winter mornings, getting the key of the school-room, and while their teacher was dressing, spending the time in social prayer, and then working at their

own self-improvement till the factory-bell rung; and of the school being lighted up till between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, and occupied by young people engaged in the same honourable endeavours to supply the defects of their early education. No wonder that the people have become remarkable for their intelligence and activity; and that the man who had done so much for them was warmly loved and deeply respected.

In the spring of 1854, symptoms of physical feebleness which had appeared before, began to occasion serious anxiety to Mr. Parsons's friends. During the whole of the year he continued to decline, and on the 10th of January, 1855, he sunk to rest.

We have already expressed our conviction that in the advocacy of his favourite principles, his zeal sometimes became violence; we wish we could feel with his biographer, that his genuine respect for the masses of the people—a respect to which they have a right, and without which no man can expect to do them any good—never betrayed him into something very like the pernicious flattery of their prejudices and pride, which characterizes the common herd of demagogues. But is it true that the “fustian jackets and smock frocks” have among them “the largest amount of plain common-sense?” We do not find it so. Is it true, as Mr. Parsons said, that it was “the fustian jackets and smock frocks” that made the anti-slavery movement respectable and influential, or was it, as we had always believed, the middle classes of the community that did it? Was it really honest to tell the labouring people that it was one of the blessings of their existence, that they had “escaped the calamity of a university education?” Mr. Parsons could talk to the people in a vigorous, straightforward style when he chose, could tell them their faults to their face in a very manly and emphatic way; but he sacrificed, we are sure, much of the influence he might have possessed with the wealthier and less radical portion of the community; he injured his usefulness with the working people themselves, by descending too frequently to the vulgar arts which constitute almost the only claim of some popular leaders to distinction.

We have already exceeded the limits we had prescribed to this article, and yet have left undiscussed some questions of considerable interest and importance, which are naturally raised by Mr. Parsons's history. We should be glad to speak of his work at Ebley as a remarkable illustration of the power of Voluntaryism, where it is vigorously worked, even in the most unfavourable circumstances, and to consider the opinion which is rising up in many quarters, even among Independents themselves, that Connexionalism is the only ecclesiastical system that meets the necessities of scattered rural populations. It would

be a still more interesting question, whether, admirable as was the energy of Mr. Parsons, and important as was the work which it enabled him to accomplish, he presents a type of what it is desirable that our ministers generally should be? There is no great danger, we confess, of most of them emulating his wonderful activity; but is it desirable that they should think of the multifarious secular engagements to which in his zeal he devoted himself, as constituting a legitimate part of their ministerial work? We confess that to us the work of evangelizing even a village, and of watching over the spiritual life of even a small church, seems enough for one man to do; and we also think that whatever amount of apparent popular influence may be gained by engaging actively in popular agitations, and however real that influence may be in a few exceptional cases, a minister's real spiritual power will be greater if he devotes his main strength to purely spiritual work. We do not mean to imply for a moment, that there are none in the ministry, who should give their spare energy to secular public life, or that Mr. Parsons mistook *his* duty in his lectures and speeches; but we do say, that the time is coming—if it has not already come—when the political struggles in which Christian ministers have been accustomed to involve themselves, the purely literary and scientific lecturings which of late years have constituted so important a part of the work of some of our best men, may, and should be, left in the hands of Christian laymen. And we say further, that the atmosphere of popular agitation is not the atmosphere most favourable to that devoutness of spirit by which a minister should be distinguished.

But we must close with expressing our thanks to Mr. Hood for his book, and the honest and profound respect which—notwithstanding some faults and some errors, of which we have spoken, and to which his warmest friends were not blind—we entertain for the unselfish, laborious, and successful man whose life he has written.

Brief Notices.

Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. Part the First. By Alfred Barry, M.A. London: Parker. 1856.

MR. BARRY has attempted, and not altogether without success, to supply a want which we should imagine most ministers of cultivated and thoughtful congregations must have often felt. He tells us that

his object was "to give what might be strictly an 'Introduction' to the willing study of Scripture itself, to suggest a few leading principles, to indicate, where necessary, the bearing of the chief difficulties which perplex a thoughtful reader, but most of all, to trace the evolution of the great scheme, which gives to the whole of the Bible so true a unity." The book is not filled, therefore, with learned illustrations of the mere circumstances of the Old Testament history, nor does it bristle with arguments about authenticity and genuineness. It is written to make the Bible more interesting and more useful, by making it more thoroughly intelligible to its friends,—not to crush the objections of its foes. Mr. Barry has evidently been a diligent student of Professor Maurice's writings, and intimates tolerably clearly that he heard his lectures at King's College. Like the ex-professor, Mr. Barry accepts without apology, with hearty faith, and in a spirit of earnest admiration, the contents of those wonderful books in which are recorded God's earliest revelations of Himself to man. And we are sure that the vigorous study of the Old Testament itself will do far more to win for it universal trust than the keenest and most learned investigation of its external evidences. We do not mean to imply for a moment that we have any fear about the final result of the controversy, even when confined to the inferior region; but we are sure that when men rise from hard and dry reasonings *about* the books, to a thoughtful study of the books themselves, it will be almost impossible for them not to say, these books came from God. Though we think Professor Maurice's philosophical studies have led him far astray in his interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis, we think that his two books on the Old Testament, especially the earlier one, have made all Christian people his debtors.

While in the earnestness and cordial interest he manifests in the study of his subject, Mr. Barry has derived manifest and important benefit from his old professor, we deeply regret that his book is seriously injured by the influence of Mr. Maurice's theory of sacrifice. We do not think, indeed, that Mr. Barry is quite satisfied with that theory. There are admissions in his book which Mr. Maurice would hardly be disposed to make; but we miss what we think is absolutely essential to any scriptural or really profound view of the doctrine of sacrifice—a clear and firm recognition of vicariousness.

This is only the first part of the "Introduction:" it descends to the close of the patriarchal period, and includes a chapter on the book of Job. Some such book as this, lower in price, and free from the serious defect to which we have referred, would be invaluable as the text-book for a Bible class composed of educated and intelligent young men.

Sacrifice; or, Pardon and Purity through the Cross. By Newman Hall, B.A. Pp. 228. James Nisbet and Co.

THIS little work is a manual—a brief and compendious treatise on a great and important subject, on which the most learned divines have

written more at large. As such it may be recommended to the young and others who have not time or taste for more elaborate productions. Another recommendation is, that it meets the popular errors of the times, and is adapted to guard the reader against the plausible reasonings of certain theologians. One of the most dangerous inlets of false doctrine is the practice of admitting a truth and then explaining it away; like the Pantheist, who tells you that he believes in the being of God, but when he explains what he means by God, shows that he understands nothing more than a certain virtue or power living in plants, animals, &c. Certain writers affirm that the death of Christ was indeed a true sacrifice, but that it was non-expiatory,—that it is an acknowledgment of sin on the part of the penitent, but not an *atonement* for sin. By claiming the mercy of God as a father, and overlooking his justice as a sovereign, we corrupt the sacred oracles as truly as if we affirmed what is essentially false. The profile of a face may give its true expression, but the profile of a theological truth is a misrepresentation and an error. On the subject of the Atonement, some writers, instead of appealing to the Bible, appeal to consciousness. Instead of asking what saith the true and faithful witness, they rather inquire what saith human reason. Upon such authors, Mr. Hall completely turns the tables, proving that consciousness *increases* the difficulty instead of removing it. (Pp. 68, 69). He notices the objections which have been urged against the scriptural doctrine of sacrifice and atonement, and furnishes the reader with satisfactory answers. (See page 82). We could point out many striking passages on the several branches of the subject, but must refer the reader to the treatise itself, which will, we think, amply reward a careful perusal.

Rationale of Justification by Faith. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS little book is intended to maintain and illustrate the importance and value of the truth, which evangelical theologians are recognizing more and more clearly, namely, that the testimony of man's moral nature is in favour of the Christian atonement,—not against it. The author imagines that popular preachers have made the *theory* of the death of Christ for human sin too prominent, and the *fact* too subordinate, so that, while the intellect has been busily employed with the evidences of the truth of the doctrine, the heart and the conscience have not been made to feel its moral power. He firmly protests against the misconception, that by appealing to the moral nature of man in confirmation of the teaching and testimony of the Apostles, he is guilty of setting up nature and reason, and putting down the Bible: arguing that, if the traces we can discover in Egyptian remains of the presence and bondage of the people of Israel in Egypt, and the marble records recently dug up at Nineveh, are welcomed as valuable evidence of the truth of the inspired history, the cravings of natural conscience and the facts of man's moral history

may surely bear witness to the truth of the inspired doctrines. There is very much in the book that is equally true and beautiful, but the author—who is too modest to give his name—has hardly enough reading and literary accomplishment for the efficient making out of his theory; or, if he has, he must have written in haste. We have no space to discuss some half-dozen questions about which we should not be at all prepared to agree with what seems to be the opinion of our unknown friend. We must be satisfied with thanking him for much that we thoroughly approve, and with expressing our very sincere regret that he did not develop his thoughts more fully before he published them.

Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève. Août, 1856. Tom. XXXII. de la 4me Série, No. 128.

WE notice this number of the "Bibliothèque Universelle," for the purpose of calling the attention of our readers to a paper bearing upon the subject of Goitre and Crétinism, whose phenomena, it will be recollected, we recently detailed at length. The paper we refer to, is entitled "Des Climats de Montagne considérés au point de vue Medical; par le Docteur H. C. Lombard." It embraces a very interesting detail of the influences of elevated climates on the human system, both in health and disease; and especially dwells upon the effects of elevation, in inducing modifications upon diseases to which man is liable, and increasing their virulence, while notice is also taken of certain redeeming properties. We earnestly recommend the attention of those interested in Goitre and Crétinism to a consideration of the facts brought forward, from which it will be seen that Crétinism is not to be studied *per se*, but in connexion with many other pathological and physical phenomena.

Sermons. By the late Dr. Newton. With a Sketch, &c. Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row.

DR. NEWTON—better known by the more familiar appellation of Robert Newton—was for a long succession of years one of the most distinguished preachers of the Wesleyan connexion. Richard Watson, whom he survived twenty-two years, was a man of greater intellect; Dr. Clarke, of more learning; and Dr. Bunting was more remarkable for his didactic vein;—but Dr. Newton was *the preacher*. And, if we must judge by the extent of his pulpit labours in all parts of the kingdom, from Land's End to Berwick-upon-Tweed, he was the most eminent evangelist of the present century. Dr. Newton departed this life just twelve months after he had preached his last missionary sermon, in the City Road Chapel. He died on the same day with his friend Montgomery, the poet of Sheffield. Their names will long be cherished in the Christian Church; the one, as having been eminently useful by oral instruction—by the living voice of the animated preacher; the other, by the labours of his pen; the one, as

a minister of the New Testament; the other, as the most distinguished Christian poet of his age. The former has turned many to righteousness, and the latter will animate the piety of Christian congregations, perhaps to the end of time. Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. We must remind the reader that these Sermons were not intended by their author for the press. They were made to be spoken, not read, and are adapted to the purpose for which they were designed. Still it is to be lamented that the author had not left behind him some work on which he had poured out his whole soul, and which would have been valued, not merely as a memorial of the preacher, but for its own intrinsic excellence. We mean not by these remarks to depreciate the volume,—far from it. Many readers will peruse these Sermons with deep interest, especially those who had the happiness of hearing and knowing the preacher. Though not great in an intellectual point of view, there is in them a sublime simplicity worthy of admiration. Their charm consists in that warm, lively spirit of Christian love and zeal which breathes through them.

The Tongue of Fire, &c. By William Arthur, A.M. Published by Hamilton, Adams, and Co. London.

THIS work reads like the production of a retired missionary. It has all the glow, zeal, holy passion, and fire, to be expected from a man, who has gone forth with his life in his hand to the ends of the earth, to proclaim the gospel of the kingdom to men sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. No man is qualified for such an office who does not feel with the apostle, that "it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." The same zeal which carried him forth, animates him when he returns, and leads him to inquire why ordinary ministers are not equally successful with the Apostle,—why modern churches are not as eminent as those planted at Thessalonica and Philippi. In doing which, he writes a treatise on "The Tongue of Fire." He asks, what was the tongue of fire? Was it not possessed by the first preachers? Might it not be obtained at the present time? What would be the consequence to the cause of religion if that acquisition were made? Is not the absence of the tongue of fire the cause of all that we lament in the present state of the Church? We love to read the utterance of such feelings, even though some error of reasoning may be involved in them. We love them for their own sake; nor should we cease to be pleased with them, though somewhat checked and subdued by the expectation that perhaps our young preacher or missionary may afterwards find that old Adam was too strong for young Melancthon. The object of the work is to delineate the state of the Church in the Apostolic age,—to show the cause of the great success with which the labours of the Primitive Church were crowned. He finds it to be the extraordinary effusion of the spirit of faith, holiness, zeal, and love, which was enjoyed by the first Christians. And the great inquiry of the writer is—Cannot

this be renewed? Might not Pentecost times be returned? What is to hinder it? What other cause can there be than that which exists in ourselves? The inquiry is conducted in an admirable spirit, and will suggest many useful thoughts, even to those who may not adopt all his practical conclusions. We wish we had room for copious extracts. The work is written in a pure, eloquent, and animated strain. On the subject of the mystery of communion with the divine spirit and the reality of supernatural influence, our author observes, "The mystery involved in the Lord's communicating with any of His creatures is far less than that of our communicating one with another. He is of infinite intelligence; He planted the ear; He gave man speech: for him, therefore, to communicate with any spirit existing, must be easier than for the sun to shine." (P. 166). The author has some excellent observations on the true method of preparing and delivering sermons (Pp. 320—325), which we would commend to the attention of our young preachers. Though there must always be some exceptions, arising from personal peculiarities, we believe that Mr. Arthur has suggested the true view of the matter, in so far as the subject is capable of being reduced to practice.

The Church and the People. Twelve Sermons, Preached at St. Luke's Church, Berwick Street. By Henry Whitehead, M.A., Curate of St. Matthew's, Westminster. London: William Skeffington. 1856.

THESE twelve sermons have little more connexion with the title of the book than any other twelve sermons addressed to an ordinary congregation would have. There is, indeed, through the volume frequent allusion to the Church as the best friend of the people, and from its tone we gather that Mr. Whitehead is cordially interested in the welfare of his parishioners; but on the problem, in as far as it is such, "The Church and the People," these sermons cannot be said to enter. Indeed, we must confess, that to us they appear meagre and destitute of clear or broad views concerning "the one thing needful." Take for example, Sermon IV., preached at a time when the cholera was committing its frightful ravages in the parish,—when "within 250 yards of the Broad Street pump, a radius reaching beyond St. Luke's Church, nearly 700 persons died of cholera in the first fortnight of September, 1854. During that time the church was opened every evening, at eight o'clock, for Divine Service, which was remarkably well-attended by the inhabitants of the district." Now, on such an occasion, if ever, we should have expected a plain and earnest call to flee to the Saviour for acceptance; but instead of such dealing, what have we in the sermon in question as the lessons to be learnt from the dreadful visitation? That in future the parishioners were to live in peace and amity as good neighbours—that they were to pray, and not to laugh at each other for being religious—that they were regularly to come to church, and to stick by the ministrations of the officials of St. Luke! Scarce a word of the

most important of all lessons—to learn Christ. Alas! were there not, if not more important, at least more primary lessons to be derived from such a visitation? Had Mr. Whitehead, instead of dwelling on these things, confined his teaching to the distinctive doctrine of the Cross, his other objects would, we think, have been none the less surely attained. If our author will allow us to offer advice, we would say to him—We notice with pleasure that he can write plain and terse sermons, but we earnestly desiderate to find in them more of plain Gospel-dealing—of that truth which alone can make wise unto salvation. We do not say that there is an entire *absence* of such teaching in the little volume before us; but we say that it is not by any means either sufficiently prominent, distinctive, or primary.

Early Rising, a Natural, Social, and Religious Duty. By the Author of “What can’t be Cured must be Endured.” Northampton: Abel and Sons. 1856.

THIS neat little book is an acceptable contribution, given in an earnest and Christian spirit. “Early Rising” needs no commendation from us. Though perhaps not “early risers” to the full extent desiderated by our author, we have sufficient experience of the “natural, social, and religious” benefits derived from the practice, to recommend it to all professional men. Sure we are, that we could not have got over the half of our work, both from want of time and from want of strength, if we had not adopted the practice of rising at an hour at least comparatively early. We have been much pleased with the manner in which the author treats his subject, and earnestly recommend the book, especially to our young and student readers. Appended is Wesley’s Sermon on “Redeeming the Time.”

Nomos: An Attempt to Demonstrate a Central Physical Law in Nature. Pp. 198. London: Longmans. 1856.

GRAVITATION, electricity, magnetism, heat and light, what are they? The treatise before us furnishes an answer to this searching inquiry,—an answer which, however, supposes, contrary to our received notions, that space is filled with a resisting medium, which contravenes the undulatory theory of light, which constructs a novel explanation of lunar and solar tides, which opposes the idea that the form of the earth is due to its original fluidity, which upsets the groundwork of geological science, and which abolishes the repellent character of electrical currents. Nevertheless, the writer has thought out a complete and simple system, by which he endeavours to explain all natural phenomena. The point from which he starts is, the consideration of electricity; which, if we correctly interpret him, is one of the signs of that central power which governs the universe, while the accompanying phenomena of light and heat are the other two. Thus, then, the sun’s powerful attraction, the sun’s glorious

light, the sun's genial heat, become to his mind but the signs of a central law residing in nature. "The attractive forces which are associated with electricity and magnetism, and which play so important a part in chemical changes, may prove to be only varying aspects of that force of attraction which is supposed to be neither electrical nor magnetical, nor chemical—even the force of gravity." In order to establish his theory, the writer takes us first to the laboratory, and, in an able and ingenious manner, shows that the phenomena of electricity submit themselves to the law of chemical action; and that magnetism, light, and heat are mere modes of electricity. The experiment of a magnet revolving round a conductor, is explained by referring it to currents of electricity traversing the intervening space at right angles to each other; and, if we mistake not, this it is which the author puts forward as his theory of the power that "keeps the planets in their way." This force, he represents, is still regulated, like the law of gravity, by the inverse square of the distance; while, he adds, even "the ellipticity of the earth's orbit may depend upon those variations of sol-terrestrial action, which are consequent upon the alternate exposure of land and water to the sun;" the law of the laboratory, which produces the orbital movement, also necessitating rotation upon the polar axis. The atmosphere of atmospheres which fills abyss, is subject, he tells us, to the observed law of our terrestrial atmosphere, becoming rarer and still more rare the farther it is from the sun; and, "if we assume that space is filled with a medium whose powers of resistance are inversely proportionate to the distance from the sun, the rate at which the planets move is no objection to the idea that these movements may be explained upon the principles which have been employed in explaining the movements of the earth." This theory would involve the principle which initiates as well as maintains the rotatory and translatory movements of the heavenly bodies; and that even with the atmospheric resisting medium, which, indeed, is necessary to the motion. Tides and comets are explained as due to heat. On the latter subject, the writer is more systematic than most, giving a feasible explanation of the various appearances which accompany these celestial wanderers. To explain the tides, his method requires that the moon's rays should communicate *heat*; but, if we do not know that such is actually the case, would not the duality formed by a cold ray from the moon, equally well explain the rise and fall of tides, if consequent on contraction or expansion of the earth? This able treatise, the production of a powerfully thoughtful man, equally versed in chemistry, astronomy, and geology, well merits the undivided attention of scientific men. In the practical science of comparative anatomy, we find distinct evidence that God has created all animals (man not excepted) after one fixed general plan, of which the several classes are only infinite variations; and the same kind of law may pervade the inanimate world,—a law, moreover, susceptible of endless sub-division in its manifestations.

Benoni; or, the Triumph of Christianity over Judaism. By the Rev. Wm. Barth. From the German. By Samuel Jackson, Esq. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

A VERY nice little story of one of the "secret Jews," who lived and suffered in Spain during the time of the Inquisition—giving an account of the ultimate conversion of the Jew, and of the benevolent undertakings of Edine Champion, in Paris. There are some needless digressions, and the *one* story is in reality *two*; but the interest throughout is well sustained. A suitable little book for children.

Review of the Month.

AFFAIRS IN AMERICA ARE DAILY ASSUMING A MORE ALARMING ASPECT. Not only did the conflict in Kansas result in the success of the Pro-slavery party, but the elections in that state have had a similar issue; the Anti-slavery party having declined to vote, and their opponents having consequently become masters of the field. The motives of the former were doubtless dependent upon a confident hope, that Mr. Fremont would be elected as President, without their incurring the danger of supporting him. This event, the Pro-slavery party regard as most probable; and in anticipation of it, Mr. Preston Brookes, notorious as the brutal assailant and almost the murderer of Mr. Sumner, in his place as representative, boldly advocates the disunion of the Southern States from the Northern, and insists that the Southern States, in their independent capacity, should impose the institution of slavery upon every new state. The press goes to still greater lengths. The *Richmond Examiner*, a leading democratic paper in Virginia, and devoted to Mr. Buchanan's interest, has just issued the following paragraphs: "Until recently, the defence of slavery has laboured under great difficulties, because its apologists (for they were mere apologists) took half-way grounds. They confined the defence of slavery to mere negro slavery; thereby giving up the slavery principle, admitting other forms of slavery to be wrong. The line of defence, however, is now changed. The South now maintains that slavery is right, natural, and necessary, and does not depend on difference of complexion. The laws of the Slave States justify the holding of white men in bondage." Another Richmond paper, the *Enquirer*, Mr. Buchanan's own recognized organ in the leading Southern State, follows thus: "Repeatedly have we asked the North, 'Has not the experiment of universal liberty failed? Are not the evils of

free society insufferable? And do not most thinking men among you propose to subvert and reconstruct it?' Still no answer. This gloomy silence is another conclusive proof added to many other conclusive evidences we have furnished, that free society, in the long run, is an impracticable form of society; it is everywhere starving, demoralizing, and insurrectionary. We repeat, then, that policy and humanity alike forbid the existence of the evils of free society to new people and coming generations. Two opposite and conflicting forms of society, cannot, among civilized men, co-exist and endure. The one must give way and cease to exist, the other become universal. If free society be unnatural, immoral, unchristian, it must fall, and give way to a slave society—a social system, old as the world, universal as man." The democratic organ in South Carolina, and the leading newspaper of the state, speaks thus: "Slavery is the natural and normal condition of the labouring man, whether white or black. The great evil of Northern free society is, that it is burdened with a servile class of mechanics and labourers, unfit for self-government, yet clothed with the attributes and powers of citizens. Master and slave is a relation in society as necessary as that of parent and child; and the Northern States will yet have to introduce it. Their theory of free government is a delusion." Alabama thus gives in her adhesion to the democratic doctrine in the *Muscogee Herald*: "Free society! we sicken at the name. What is it but a conglomeration of greasy mechanics, filthy operatives, small-listed farmers, and moon-struck theorists? All the Northern, and especially the New England States, are devoid of society fitted for well-bred gentlemen. The prevailing class one meets with, is that of mechanics struggling to be genteel, and small farmers, who do their own drudgery; and yet who are hardly fit for association with a Southern gentleman's body-servant. This is your free society, which the Northern hordes are endeavouring to extend into Kansas." Here is a recent proposal, issued by one of the New York papers, which support Mr. Buchanan. The *Day Book* would deal thus with immigrants from Europe, and poor people in general in the State of New York, whose children must be educated by the State, if at all: "Sell the parents of these children into slavery. Let our legislature pass a law, that whoever will take these parents, and take care of them and their offspring, in sickness and in health—clothe them, feed them, and house them—shall be legally entitled to their service; and let the same legislature decree, that whoever receives these parents and their children, and obtains their services, shall take care of them as long as they live."

Meanwhile the minds of the people in this country have been horrified by details of the manners of the Slave States in America of which we should be thankful to see an authentic refutation. The first is signed by Mr. Gladstone, who gives his address, and thus openly exposes himself to contradiction. His testimony refers to the blood-thirsty designs of the Pro-slavery crusaders into the state of Kansas. The second has excited still more public attention. It details a succession of duels, each of which we believe, issued fatally, which took place in a railway train in the state of Georgia. The editor of

the *Times* declares, that he had withheld the statement from publication, until the fullest inquiry had been made as to the respectability and the sanity of the writer. The latter appears to have been a wise precaution, as one part of it is nearly incredible; namely, the murder in cold blood of a boy in the railway carriage, who bewailed the death of his father, who fell in one of the duels which took place as the train stopped at one of its appointed stations. The narrative was at first universally regarded as a hoax, but the author, in consequence of the bitter remonstrances of Americans resident in this country, has at last re-asserted the facts, giving his name as George Arrowsmith, and his address as Indian Chambers, Liverpool. Up to this hour, his statement remains unrefuted. If it be true, the Southern States of America are in danger of losing their place in the map of the civilized world.

WE QUOTE FROM THE "TIMES" THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF AFFAIRS SUBSISTING BETWEEN THE NEAPOLITAN GOVERNMENT AND THE WESTERN POWERS.—"The publication of the long-expected article in the *Moniteur* gives a definite shape to intentions that have been delayed long enough to be discredited. Its purport is what we were able to announce substantially six weeks ago, and what we have now for some time stated in its most precise form. The Court of Naples having haughtily rejected the counsels of England and France, and resolved to persevere in measures of rigour likely to compromise peace and order in Europe, the Western Powers will immediately break off diplomatic relations with it. To guard against unjust constructions, they declare that this is not an act of intervention or of hostility. It may, however, be so understood by some of the classes whom the domestic policy of Naples keeps in a state of ignorance or estrangement. There is one class in Naples that can hardly be said to be accountable, representing as it does the brutality and wantonness of despotism. The mob of the Lazzaroni is the body-guard of the King; and, as such, it has ever shown itself ready to take up his quarrel with the educated classes, and with foreigners supposed to agree with them. Such combinations have not been uncommon, and they constitute the lowest forms of tyranny. Should these people, therefore, proceed to outrages, and should the safety of British or French residents at Naples be seriously threatened, the Western Powers will send their squadrons directly to Naples, then and there to proceed as may be found necessary for the protection of their subjects. As the actual presence of the squadrons in the Bay of Naples would be an infringement of the customary rights of that State, and a defiance of its regulations, it will not be resorted to unless it be found necessary. The squadrons, however, will approach sufficiently near to assure his Majesty and his faithful Prætorian Guard that they are actually in existence, and ready to come nearer if provoked to do so."

THE "MONITEUR," WHICH IS THE EXPONENT OF THE GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE, AFTER RECOGNIZING THE FRIENDLY ACCEPTANCE OF THE DECISIONS OF THE PARIS CONGRESS BY GREECE, BELGIUM, AND THE PAPAL SEE, CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING SIGNIFICANT PARA-

GRAPHS: "The Court of Naples alone haughtily rejected the counsels of France and of England, although given under the most amicable form. The rigorous and compressive measures which for a long time have been turned into means of administration by the Government of the Two Sicilies, keep Italy in a state of agitation, and compromise the peace of Europe. Convinced of the dangers arising from such a state of things, France and England had hoped to avert them by wise counsels given at an opportune moment; those counsels have been discarded; the Government of the Two Sicilies, closing its eyes to evidence, has thought fit to persevere in a fatal course. The ungracious reception given to legitimate observations, an unjust suspicion cast upon the purity of intentions, an insulting language in reply to wholesome advice, and, finally, an obstinate refusal, no longer permitted the continuation of friendly relations. Complying with the suggestions of a great Power, the Cabinet of Naples endeavoured to extenuate the effect produced by its first reply; but this semblance of condescension was only an additional proof of its resolution to take no heed of the solicitude of France and of England for the general interests of Europe. Hesitation was no longer warranted; it became necessary to break off diplomatic intercourse with a court which had itself so deeply altered the character of that intercourse. This suspension of official relations by no means constitutes an intervention in the internal affairs of Naples, still less an act of hostility. As, however, the safety of the subjects of the two Governments might be endangered, to provide for such a contingency they have assembled a combined squadron; but they have refrained from sending their ships to the waters of Naples, to avoid giving rise to erroneous interpretations. This simple measure of eventual protection, which in no manner partakes of a menace, cannot either be considered as a support or encouragement offered to those who endeavour to upset the throne of the King of the Two Sicilies." It remains to be seen whether an English squadron at Malta and a French squadron at Ajaccio will compel the King of the Two Sicilies to moderation and obedience. The representatives of the French Government quitted Naples on the 27th, and we presume that the officials of the British Government were not long in following their example.

THE CASE OF ARCHDEACON DENISON HAS NOW BEEN BROUGHT TO A CONCLUSION WITH THE EXCEPTION OF AN APPEAL OF WHICH HE HAS GIVEN NOTICE TO THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL. It would be idle to enter into the metaphysics of transubstantiation; we, therefore, confine ourselves to the essence of the judgment as delivered by Dr. Lushington on the behalf of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which is in the following terms: "We have thought fit to decree and declare that the said Ven. George Anthony Denison, by reason of the premises, ought by law to be deprived of his ecclesiastical promotions, and especially of the said archdeaconry of Taunton, and of the said vicarage and parish church of East Brent, in the county of Somerset, diocese of Bath and Wells, and province of Canterbury, and all profits and benefit of the said

archdeaconry, and of the said vicarage and parish church, and of and from all and singular the fruits, tithes, rents, salaries, and other ecclesiastical dues, rights, and emoluments whatsoever belonging and appertaining to the said archdeaconry and to the said vicarage and parish church; and we do deprive him thereof accordingly, by this our definitive sentence or final decree, which we read and promulge by these presents." Upon this decision the *Times* has the following observations: "We will simply transcribe the 29th Article of religion and a passage from Mr. Denison's sermons: 'Article XXIX. *Of the Wicked which eat not the Body of Christ in the use of the Lord's Supper.*—The wicked, and such as be void of a lively faith, although they do carnally and visibly press with their teeth (as Saint *Augustine* saith) the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, yet in no wise are they partakers of Christ; but rather, to their condemnation, do eat and drink the sign or sacrament of so great a thing.' Mr. Denison says: 'By all who come to the Lord's table, by those who eat and drink worthily, and by those who eat and drink unworthily, the body and blood of Christ are received.' The question at issue in this cause is whether these two passages are compatible or not. The Archdeacon says they are, and Dr. Lushington, delivering judgment for the Primate, says that they are not. The defence made by the Archdeacon is, that the articles must be understood in a sense to agree with other documents of equal authority in the Church of England. So he appeals to the Prayer-book and the Church Catechism, and even summons the Homilies to his aid. As these documents, too, may be supposed to admit of further elucidation, he quotes the writings of the Reformers and other divines of the Church of England, as well as other passages from St. *Augustine*, besides that quoted in the Article, and a great deal more. He succeeds, of course, in proving an immense diversity and inconsistency of expression in those whom it would be more comfortable to find speaking one language; but, after all, it only comes to the hackneyed sarcasm against the Church of England that she has a Popish prayer-book, Calvinistic articles, and an Arminian clergy. There needed no Denison to bring to light the old sores that have rankled in ten thousand, or rather ten million consciences before he was born. That, then, is his defence. Dr. Lushington meets it by observing that it was a legal, not a theological question, he was called on to decide. The charge against the Archdeacon was, that he had published words contradictory of the 28th and 29th Articles, which it was no business of his to defend. Had the words of the Articles required any explanation,—did they admit of the least doubt,—were they not absolutely and singularly clear and express, then there might be some occasion to appeal to other documents and writings, with a view to ascertain, not the doctrine, but the meaning of the Articles. In this case, however, there could be no doubt whatever as to the meaning of the two Articles. It was wholly unnecessary, then, to go beyond the text of those Articles for their interpretation. Archdeacon Denison's words were equally clear and self-explained. The two passages thus so plain

were as plainly contradictory, and there was no alternative but to pronounce the sentence of deprivation against Archdeacon Denison, who, of course, appeals,—with the certainty of a similar judgment in any court in this land.”

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